THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

AUGUST 1, 1808.

A LETTER TO SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS KNT

VERILY, *dear* SIR RICHARD, thou hast most egregiously exposed the impotence of thy fury—couldst thou imagine that we should have had the temerity to *libel* a man of thy *(self)*-importance?—No, no, Sir Richard, we have too much respect for—*ourselves.*

Indeed, Sir Richard, thou shouldst not have been so outrageous against us for tickling thy nerves a little, since thou hadst so industriously endeavoured, by means of thy good and worthy agent *Ben. Tabart*, to irritate ours.—Tis a most lamentable circumstance, for thee, Sir Richard, that British Judges and jurymen will distinguish between the honest Satirist who ridicules and lashes, folly, vanity, presumption or depravity, and the malignant libeller who asperses the most exalted personages of the State, and endeavours to excite popular contempt and odium against the most sacred attributes of our glorious constitution!

Dear Sir Richard! thou must allow that we were, last month, mighty abstemious in our severity. We

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suffered not a hint to escape us about The *Chester Widow and her Daughter*, to *both* of whom thou wert *once* so kind—We said not a syllable about thy economy at the Sessions dinner in withholding Claret from thy company, nor of thy *modesty* in attempting to transfer all the merit thereof to the head waiter *—We mentioned nothing of the laughable instructions which thou gavest thy *barber* in order that he might address *Lady* Phillips with *proper respect*—We spoke not of the arts which were practised to obtain the fair hand of Miss Sally Ch—mb—ne, nor did we relate any thing concerning thy oppressive and overbearing conduct towards thy unfortunate authors: and even now we shall refrain from relating some anecdotes relative to COLD BATH FIELDS †.

Sir Richard! Sir Richard! how ungrateful hast thou been for all this forbearance!—Criminal informations intended—actions commenced, and an indictment

* During the Old Bailey Sessions it is always customary for the Sheriffs to give Dinners to the Judges, Recorder, and Common Serjeant, to which many of the principal persons in the city are usually invited. On a late occasion, a worthy Alderman, Sir William C. who knew well how things ought to have been done, call'd for some Claret, and was informed that there was none.—Surprised at this he appealed to Sir Richard, who declared that the *butler* had informed him it was not usual to give any thing but Port and Sherry.—"How came you, Sir," said Sir William, addressing the butler, "to tell the Sheriff, that it was not customary to give Claret."—"I never told the Sheriff any such thing," replied the man.—Sir Richard *blush'd*, and Sir William, filling his glass, exclaim'd "Come, Gentlemen, I'll give you a toast!—"Here's to the honest butler who dares to speak the truth before *his master's face*."

† We hope, Sir Richard will not compel us to relate *all* we know, for we apprehend that our readers are already as tired of his name as we are ourselves: but if *notoriety* be his wish, he shall find that we have it in our power to render him sufficiently *notorious*.

against us actually preferred at the *Old Bailey**.—Cruel, unrelenting Knight!—but thou hast expiated thy barbarity by the bitter pangs of disappointment.—We pity thee, Sir Richard, for thy anguish must be excessive—To have all thy hopes of vengeance blasted, all thy plans of deadly revenge frustrated by the Grand Jury—Oh 'twas sorrowful! most sorrowful!!

It is really astonishing that twenty-three of the most respectable gentlemen in the city should have seen things in such a different light to that in which thou sawest them, Sir Richard—The fact is, as we apprehend, that *they* were unblinded by rage, unbiassed by prejudice, and undisturbed by conscience—they calmly and dispassionately read over the *supposed* libel—*they* justly appreciated the honest intentions of the writer, and They THREW OUT THY BILL!!!—But for Heaven's sake, dear Sir Richard, assuage the violent ebullitions of thy fury!—consider, thou art a man of a full habit, and mayest peradventure snap a blood vessel—"dreadful thought!"

O, Sir Richard, wert thou to become suddenly defunct—where could her *Ladyship* find such another helpmate? Where could thy hackney scribes find such another patron? Where could "*the widow and her daughter*" find such another *friend*?—Where could the prisoners in Cold Bath Fields find such another champion? And where, alas, could *we* find such another *Subject*?—

We are resolved, *dear* Sir Richard, that thou shalt not accuse us of any deficiency of respect, and have therefore at all convenient opportunities addressed

* On Wednesday, July 13, 1808, which the Grand Jury threw out.

thee by thy *title*, which, in conjunction with thine office, we highly venerate, but candor compels us to declare that we have seen both bestow'd on men who knew better how to support their dignity.

Adieu for the present, dear Sir Richard; thou hast afforded us much amusement, but more melancholy reflections on the pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy of mankind: if we have waged war against thy vanity, folly, and—*errors*, remember, we were not the first to kindle the flame!

Ere we conclude we cannot refrain from advising thee, dear Sir Richard, to reflect that all wise men suspect the *boisterous* declaimers against oppression and corruption to be themselves *oppressive* and *corruptible*, that the private conduct of a man should always correspond with his public professions—that litigation will neither produce riches nor respectability—that obscurity is the safest refuge for ignorance—that vanity is the vice of fools, and that—

"Emitur sola virtute potestas *."—CLAUDIAN.

SIR RICHARD.—A FRAGMENT.

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"JOHN," cries the Knight "this instant run
And fetch me Dr. B——y's son,
Who is, I'm told, a lad of parts,
And makes a figure in the arts."

* As Sir Richard has paid more attention to *horn books*, than the Latin classics, we refer him to his chaplain for a translation of this line.

Away runs John—the Knight remains
And decks himself with *golden chains*,
Then bids *my Lady* come down stairs,
Who gives herself a thousand airs,
Crying, "Sir Richard how you *teazes*,
I *vont* come down until I *pleases!*"
"Not come!" exclaims the Knight, "but wretch, you
Shall come, or else by G— I'll fetch you!"

My Lady, knowing well the fact
That he could bolder speak than *act*,
Refuses still, without remorse,
And proves *herself* * the better horse.
Sir Richard now no longer threats,
But gently thus his dame intreats;
"Pray Lady———condescend
To hear your loving spouse and friend,
I have resolv'd, if you approve,
(And prithee do not thwart me, love,)
That our new titles and renown
Shall be on *canvass* handed down"—
"On *canvass!*" cutting short his speech,
Exclaims my Lady, "I beseech,
Sir Richard, you *vont* say no more;
That there *vord canvass*, grieves me sore;
If you forget I never can,
Your *canvass* to be Alderman.

Canvass!—I *vows* the vord's quite shocking!
I'd rather hear your name a *stocking* †."

* It should have been the "*The Grey Mare*," but the metre would not admit it to be so written, "*herself*" must therefore be understood to be "*The Grey Mare*."

† This alludes, we imagine, to the Knight's having once been a retail dealer in worsted stockings; to be reminded of which circumstance, was of course a severe shock to her Ladyship's delicate feelings.

Then down her cheeks the tears distil,
Enough to turn a little mill,
Until the consequential Knight
Explains himself and sets her right.

"You know," quoth he, "my dearest dear,
B—sby, your fav'rite sonnetteer,
Has got a son, who as I'm told,
Paints portraits worth their weight in gold;
John's gone to fetch him—get you drest,
And put on all your *very best*,
In spite of all *satiric* strictures
Young B——y shall paint both our pictures.
My Lady chuckles at the thought,
Then straight, as every *lady* ought,
Obeys her wedded *Knight*, and goes
To put on all her *Sunday clothes*.

Mean while in Master B——y rushes,
Loaded with pallet, paint, and brushes;—
Sir Knight, assumes his robes of state,
And struts about with haughty gait,
Addressing thus the artist:—"I
Sent for you here, young man, to try
Your talents in the portrait line,
In which I have been told you shine;
And if you draw myself and wife
Handsome and graceful *as the life*,
You then shall celebrate my deeds
And paint my servants, coach and steeds,
Array'd in all their gay attire,
That future ages may admire.
But, Sir, remember this condition—
I must be in the exhibition *.

* This we understand was a *sine qua non*.

For I intend to be engraved,
By which some money may be saved;
Methinks I should become a frame,
Pray, Sir, do not you think the same?"
The artist, laughing in his sleeve,
Replies—" Tis just as you believe,
" Your figure, Sir, is *monstrous good*
For either frame of gold or—*wood*;
But 'twould be better ere you're sketch'd
To have your neck a *little stretch'd**."
At this Sir Richard's blazing eyes
Gleam like two meteors in the skies;
Nought can assuage his furious ire,
Still burns, within his breast, the fire,
And ever and anon he roars
Begone, cursed s———l! quit my doors!"
Just as th' astonish'd youth prepares
To take his hat and walk down stairs,
In stalks her ladyship, as gay
As chimney sweep the first of May.
" Hey day!" quoth she, " What's all this rout,
Sir Richard, what are you about?
Since you have made me change my clothes
I *vill* be drawn before he goes.
I've dress'd myself in newest fassion,
And *vont* be thwarted by your passion!"
" Why z——ds! my Lady," cries the Knight,
" You'll not defend that saucy wight;
A wretch whose tongue *no title* checks,
Who dares to talk of *stretching necks!*"
The painter being a man of sense,
Thus strives to palliate his offence;

* Sir Richard's neck is remarkably short at present.

" Indeed, Sir Richard, all I meant
By what I said to that intent
Was this—that as you're rather tall,
And have a head not over small,—
I might, by licence of my art,
Add somewhat to that *tender* part,
Which wou'd increase the picture's grace,
Not spoil the beauty of your face;
Heav'n knows, I'd not for *half a crown*
Offend a Knight of such renown.
This flattering speech the Knight appeases,
Who bids him do just as he pleases.
In short, Sir Richard and his wife,
Were painted to the very life;
And to complete the Knight's ambition,
His portrait deck'd the exhibition *;
And now is hung by dearest spouse
In the best chamber of his house,
Where many a *wond'ring* friend admires
This *wondrous wonder* of *Blackfriars* †!"

* * * * *

Here the MSS breaks off abruptly.

* Our Poet has not in this particular adhered strictly to truth; and indeed what poet ever did?—The fact is that young B——y refused to exhibit his picture at Somerset House, and another artist was consequently employed.

† We understand that Sir Richard's friends have advised him to exhibit these wonderful portraits, and his state liveries (for which a room is preparing, that they may be hung up as ancient Knights suspending their armour) to the public at sixpence per head, and to apply the profits thereof to defray the expence of divers law-suits commenced by him against certain wicked *Satirists* for supposed libels. Lady ——'s picture hangs in what is call'd " *The Guests' Chamber* ;" but we have not yet been informed where it is ultimately intended to hang Sir RICHARD.

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ON THE UTILITY OF RIDICULE,

WHEN APPLIED AS THE TEST OF TRUTH.

MR. SATIRIST,

THAT Man, endowed as he is with faculties of the noblest kind, was not destined for inaction, is a position too obvious to be denied. The energy of his nature prompts him to exertion, and is preserved in a constant state of animation by an endless multiplicity of objects. In the catalogue of those motives which excite our mental industry, the foremost in dignity and importance is the investigation of TRUTH.

To dispel the darkness which surrounds us, to determine our situation in the system of existence, the designation of our nature, and the extent of our duties, are purposes worthy our attention, and motives which operate with all the cogency of necessity. It is indeed fitting that the motive should be urgent: for the attainment of our wishes is obstructed by difficulties innumerable. The labours of antiquity, though directed to this point with unremitting ardour, advanced not beyond the vestibule of science. It was the glory of the wisest philosophers to have traced out the means of improvement, and to have prescribed to future ages the method of pursuing their inquiry. The elaborate memorials of their endeavours establish their right of dictation; and their extreme solicitude to avoid the causes of delusion does honour to their wisdom. From them we derive, at once, security from much Error, and directions for the acquisition of much Truth. Whoever has discernment to admire, and fortitude to persevere, will find in their nervous reasoning the purest models for his imitation. To those who, destitute of these indispensable qualifications, are yet infatuated

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court.

with eagerness for novelty, or ambition of applause; and who persist, without encouragement from reason, in misapplied researches, the discoveries of SHAFTESBURY will afford assistance. Fatigued with the dilatory caution and unadorned precision of ARISTOTLE, and overwhelmed with dismay at the long and arduous ascent to demonstration, the superficial reader will rapturously embrace an easy and amusive criterion of Truth. The sophistry which recommends this agreeable conductor will pass for incontrovertible argument, and the futile admirers of a futile leader will apply this stupendous touchstone to every proposition, this universal solvent to every obstacle.

But they, Sir, who are accustomed to firmer principles, who have no favourite opinion to confirm, and no convenient absurdity to disguise; whose reason is too dispassionate to prevaricate, and too upright to deflect; will consider this innovation with contempt and indignation. Where both are extreme, it is difficult to pronounce whether this application of Ridicule be more pitiable for its folly, or censurable for its malignity. It is replete with folly, for it proposes to conquer difficulty without exertion: it is detestable, for that envenomed levity with which it assaults the most salutary principles. Its effects are indiscriminate, and therefore baneful; for reason suffers when a variety of subjects are tortured by being adapted to the same criterion. The scoffer takes a ready method to attain his purpose: for the most serious maxims can claim no security from ludicrous ideas. The mind is taken by surprise, the image is presented, and the smile excited, before the most attentive observer perceives the design.

Mr. Satirist, how little can the ignorant, though well-meaning, pupil escape his tutor's artifice, when even the philosopher must submit to a momentary delusion! The

multitude have little leisure, and less inclination, for abstract considerations: they are easily induced to imagine that an absurdity must exist where laughter is excited; and are better disposed to applaud the frivolous jester than to weigh the dignified reply of sober reason.

This single argument, Sir, tends powerfully to subvert the fancied utility of Ridicule: for that weapon, which is capable of such immediate application to the worst of purposes, is distinguished only by superior means of mischief. Argument indeed may be employed for the support of error, but Truth fears not the efforts of *argument*. It is *Ridicule* which boasts the power of withering all that is laudable by its approach, and of propagating such destruction as it wants the ability to compensate. From its facility of application to support the most erroneous assertions, it is calculated to impede the diffusion of knowledge; and would, therefore, forfeit all claim to favour, whatever its value to the abstract speculator. Better that all recondite investigation were buried in oblivion, than that it should induce us to admit an assistant, whose machinations might involve the majority of mankind in error. The proposer of this associate in our inquiries ought to have demonstrated its connection with sound argument, that we might employ our former principles in ascertaining the merit of this additional one. If he could not assign any affinity between them, it would have been ingenuous to have confessed his inability. He acted, however, with policy: for the want of connection between RIDICULE and ARGUMENT enables the former to invalidate what the latter would confirm; and it was of importance to SHAFTESBURY's doctrine that this circumstance should be concealed. It would have betrayed the fallacy to observe, that argument did not support the attempts of merriment, and that a sally of wit might disconcert a syllogism. Laughter, excessive laughter, is in-

deed the effusion of a temperament averse to intense thought, and operates before reason has time to intervene. The writings which endeavour to produce it most—(I sincerely except from this indignant severity of censure the generality of your animated communications)—are rarely addressed to the understanding. Wit, in all its sparkling varieties, has been comprised under the sweeping denomination of "*false reasoning;*" a definition, or, more properly, an assigned characteristic, which [though not intended to exclude it from the commonwealth of letters] will justly banish it from many works of accurate reasoning.

Let not then sophistry be exhausted, or ingenuity misapplied, Sir, in maintaining an untenable position; but let Ridicule disclaim all pretensions to the discovery of Truth, and take refuge from insulted reason in the asylum of oblivion. An heavier charge remains: the charge of disguising falsehood, and misleading the judgment.

The difficulty of detecting the fallacies in works of Ridicule strengthens the objection, and warns us to avoid the *ignis fatuus*, if we mean to tread with safety. Were its baleful operation confined to the defrauding us with groundless expectations, we should still have cause to abhor it as the destroyer of our time; but when we find that it leads to absolute error, and that error of the most malignant kind, our honest indignation ought to be proportional to the injury intended. On writers of this latter class humanity is thrown away, our interest is concerned in the nearest point, the venerable name of science is insulted, and the decisions of Truth set at open defiance. On them, Mr. Satirist, be your hottest thunderbolts hurled without intermission.

"No pause, no rest, till weltering on the ground
The poisonous monsters lie, deep-gored with many a wound,"

What satisfactory plea can be alleged in favour of him, who, professing to persuade, endeavours to delude; who takes advantage of our keen perception of the *ridiculous* to mislead our inquiry after the *useful*, and employs his own talents to deprave the faculties of others. It is the duty of THE BRITISH SATIRIST to assert the dignity of Literature, and protect the best interests of Society; it is his duty to expose such writers in their native deformity, and to point *the finger of* SCORN to its proper object; that the pangs of disgrace may anticipate the horrors of remorse. It is idle to talk of the impotence of the attack, and the propriety of forbearance; the arrow, however feebly thrown, is dipt in poison; the interests of Learning require that such impious warfare be subdued, and no proper motive can recommend forbearance towards a literary felon.

Sir, were buffoonery even unsuccessful in the direct attack, yet it draws on a variety of collateral circumstances of no common danger. So impetuous are the passions of mankind, and so little willing to endure controul, that whatever directly or indirectly tends to diminish the authority of those principles which restrain them, directly militates against public happiness. Such is the tendency of *indiscriminate Ridicule.* Even the familiarity with which it treats those subjects which are usually approached with reverence would alone be perilous; but its other circumstances carry with them an evil too enormous for estimation. The most venerable truth is enfeebled in its practical effect by a ludicrous misrepresentation; and those happy effects which had reclaimed a community from savage licentiousness, are reversed by the sarcastic quibbles of one who terms himself a *philosopher!!!* Even the prejudices of men, in those instances where they corroborate the necessary restrictions of desire, are so far be-

neficial to the public: and infinitely too valuable to be sacrificed to the malevolence of a professor in Ridicule. That submission to necessary regulations, and that assiduous discharge of their respective duties, by which the members of society are rendered respectable and happy, would be ill exchanged for the convulsions of vicious merriment.

If the effects of RIDICULE on practice are thus deleterious, its influence on speculation is no less so. The deviation which it produces from the subject of debate, and its tendency to enervate our intellectual powers, betray the assassin sculking under the semblance of a friend. When the mental faculties are high in action, and the soul is mounting into the regions of contemplation on wings of fire, are jests and sarcasms the proper companions of her flight? Strange, indeed! that the very meanest characteristic of our nature should be selected to exalt the most sublime, and that the desultory meanders of wit should be mistaken for the unvarying path of demonstration.

The injury to our speculative abilities is of a twofold nature: we are at once diverted from our object, and incapacitated from pursuing it. We wander awhile in a conscious delusion, sensible of our error, yet unwilling to relinquish it: and when returning reason breaks the spell, and impels us to resume our inquiry, we return to it listless and dispirited; our attention incapable of confinement, and our understanding of salutary exertion. If the lighter sort of reading is reprobated, even as a relaxation, by some of great name, what shall be said for that system which introduces the vacant laughter of an ideot into the abstruse retirements of philosophy, and the sublimest precepts of morality? Even were this application of Ridicule attended with no inconvenience, did it obstruct no

discovery, and countenance no deception, yet its apparent inutility would induce neglect, and this disproportion between its premises and performance consign it to derision. Were it even able to afford that protection from error which might with greater confidence be demanded from Argument, yet it would be liable to the imputation of inability to promote our knowledge. Its effects are, in short, merely negative; and were they obnoxious to no falsehood, would never be illustrative of Truth. Had they the energy of Ithuriel's javelin, which instantaneously baffled the artifices of deceit, they must, nevertheless, be condemned as inefficacious, till they had displayed their power of extending our knowledge. It is a dreary consolation to the panting pilgrim, if his guide is only able to point out the dangers which surround him, without the experience requisite to extricate him from his embarrassing situation.

Would either humanity endure the toil, or reason countenance the effort, were our progress in science to depend on the erection of endless systems, all successively devoted to oblivion? Were our invention to be exhausted for a multitude of suppositions, and our jocularity for the means of refutation, how immense would be the labour, and how vain the reward! How cruel a warfare between the different energies of our intellect, and how gross a perversion of our understandings! Exploded as the hypothetical philosophy may deservedly be esteemed, it were happiness and certainty in comparison with this inextricable labyrinth. The very principles on which the Cartesian and Leibnitzian philosophy depended, would exact a new investigation, and life would terminate almost before Ridicule began.

But inconsistency, inutility, and error, are the most amiable features of this invention. The very circumstances which would condemn all other modes of scienti-

fic inquiry, are those upon which this must ground its plea for toleration. As a monument of contradiction it might awaken our caution, as an adequate assistant it might merely be declined, as a beacon of error it might add accuracy to experience; but surveying its actual operation on practice, and the infamous purposes to which it has been misapplied, suspicion and abhorrence are aroused together, and we learn, at once, to distrust the inventor, and reject his principles. It is employed to shelter the malignity of wickedness, and debase the purity of virtue; to banish every elevated sentiment, and ennoble every base one: it is employed in the service of those who, refusing to dignify themselves by laudable exertions, endeavour to sink their fellow-creatures to their own standard, and by a multitude of associates to fortify the cowardice of guilt.

Yet even these consequences of its application are comparatively trivial in horror, because comparatively limited in extent. It has been applied to degrade the dignity of moral limitations, and throw odium on necessary subordination; it has been applied to the subversion of public happiness. The severity of TRUTH, the dignity of Morality, and the sanctity of Religion, "have been profaned by the impure touch of the licentious buffoon."*

The grand limits which confine my censure, Mr. Satirist, are sufficiently denoted by the nature of the subject: the well-being of Society is most deeply interested in ascertaining, in your patriotic pages, the proper restrictions of RIDICULE, the *subjects* on which it may be honourably indulged, and the manners of its impartial application.

C. M. S. CANT.

* Warburton.

JOCULAR BIOGRAPHY.

MR. SATIRIST,

In my former letter I took a cursory view of the state of wit in this country at different periods, and suggested a plan for a regular history of its rise and progress. As I confined myself principally to a detail of *wit* itself, I now beg leave to trespass further on your pages, by giving an outline of jocular biography, or an account of the *wits*, which I conceive to be a very essential part of the proposed work. This may, at first, appear an unnecessary distinction, because it will be supposed that a history of wit must necessarily include those who produce it; but if we previously consider the specific nature of wit and humour (which, though they materially differ, are often confounded), it is obvious that the former, being of a general nature, or, as Flechier well describes it, "the essence of reason," may preserve its effect and piquancy when detached from its author; whereas humour, being a more personal peculiarity, cannot easily be separated from the individual. Thus, as a reference to the ancients will plainly evidence, wit often survives the memory of its author and preserves its spirit unimpaired by time, while humour is lost with its object, falls with the fashion of the day; or, where it is the mere effect of individual singularity, dies with the humourist, whose tombstone may indeed inform us, "he was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;" but "where be his gibes, his gambols, his songs, his flashes of merriment?"

When I consider, therefore, that the memory of wits and humourists is of so fugitive a nature, and that in many cases the world does not allow due justice to their merits (as in the instance of dramatic composition, where the writer obtains the laurel which ought generally to de-

corate the brows of the carpenter, scene-painter, or actor), I conceive it preferable not to distinguish between either denomination, but arrange, under their respective singularities and excellences, the most eminent satirists, punsters, biters, oddfish, &c. who have shaken the sides of our forefathers. I do not intend to enter into a learned disquisition on the antiquity of any species of wits (because I neither conceive myself capable, nor wish to forestal any member of the Antiquarian Society, for all of whom I have a very profound respect, and beg they will accept the assurances of my high consideration), yet I am induced to conclude that the oddfish, or practical jokers, are the most ancient, because this species of wit, or rather humour, requiring no refinement or education, but, on the contrary, being generally more remarkable in those who are deficient in both, might have existed in the earliest period of society. We read in Apollodorus that, so early as the times of Hercules, Linus was killed by that passionate hero for *quizzing* his awkwardness in playing the lyre: I am rather inclined to imagine that he was the protomartyr of wit; it is certain he is the first oddfish we read of, unless we can agree with those who assert that Noah had some pretensions to this character. But—*siste viator*—if it be true (as I have somewhere heard or read), that humour, a quality so peculiar to the English, took its name (not from the Latin word, as generally asserted, but) from Hugh Moore, a celebrated jack-pudding, who flourished (his salt-box) at the first institution of Bartholomew-fair, we must place this gentleman at the head of the oddfish as their great apostle. But I am inclined to think the oddfish were brought to England at a much earlier period, for we find it a general custom with the feudalists to retain one of them at their castles, under the humiliating title of fool, who was licensed to deal in spirits, and cheer the gloom of the mansion by a constant attempt at fun and

jocularity. This custom, like many other relics of the feudal system, may be traced at the present day, for we seldom find a corporation-club, or jovial society without one of these gentlemen, who enlivens the political debate by dumfounding the speakers, uniting two disputants by their coats, tying a restive rhetorician to his chair, and similar witticisms, continuing to be the life of the company till he is dead drunk. For my part, I am decidedly of opinion that these humourists are by far the most useful and laudable, and consider their efforts to dissipate care as a great national benefit to this foggy region; and I wish that some public spirited persons would come forward to organize a plan for their encouragement. I should think it a desirable object to institute an additional lecture at the Royal or other institutions, for the particular elucidation of this species of wit; and I would beg leave to hint, that no man appears more capable of filling such a situation than that celebrated oddfish, Mr. Grimaldi. But my public spirit is leading me off from my design, which is to afford a few hints to whoever undertakes a history and biography of wit. I have premised, that the oddfish appear to be the most ancient of any species of wits or humourists, but unfortunately there are very few data for compiling their biography. They are a sort of shooting stars, which are seen but for a moment; mere flash-in-the-pan geniuses, who fire without a report. Their wit, being rather a happy organization of body than the produce of a well-constituted mind, goes to the grave with them; and though their jokes, tricks, and *quizzicalities* may live a short time in tradition, yet they generally become the property of succeeding oddfish, and it soon is impossible to fix the inventor of a joke. From this cause we are, unfortunately, ignorant of the ingenious contrivers of the Pope's eye, the Court of Morocco, and other jocose sports, which tend so greatly to enliven Christmas, and I very

much fear that we shall never be able to discover them. The biography of the oddfish, therefore, will be very imperfect, and afford but a faint idea of the excellences of those days when mirth and good-fellowship were promoted by overturning tables, slipping chairs, &c.; and when generals and statesmen did not disdain to be ranked amongst the practical jokers, and silenced opposition by spurting of a pen, and hurling a cushion. But, Sir, I will not obtrude further, at present, on the patience of yourself and readers, for fear you or they should be inclined to practise the same joke on

Your humble servant,

A. B. C.

THE CANTAB.

No. V.

It has been objected to one of the preceding numbers of the Cantab, that some of its allusions were too indelicate for general perusal. It was justly observed, that in a work devoted expressly to the service of morality and the punishment of vice, no sentiment nor expression should be suffered to appear which could tend in the slightest degree to encourage the confidence of licentiousness, or to corrupt the imagination of the innocent and virtuous. The severity of Juvenal, it was observed, is no apology for the indecent luxuriance with which he dwells upon subjects at once disgusting by their deformity, and dangerous from the undisguised distinctness with which the most impure and indelicate ideas are imprinted on the imagination of the young and the ignorant. It is the duty of the Satirist to expose the depravity of vice, without initiating his readers into the knowledge of temp-

tations, against which the most powerful security is their ignorance. To him who has once become familiar with debauchery it is unnecessary to recal the remembrance of offences which are too humiliating in their consequences to be easily forgotten; and to him who has never learned the depravity of mankind from his own experience, or the reports of others, all advice which extends beyond the prudent limits of general admonition must be equally dangerous and useless.

To these observations it would be sufficient for the Cantab to reply, that his pages were addressed to those who had no other criterion by which to judge of a university education; that the facts which he mentioned were absolutely necessary for their information, and were of too much consequence to be omitted in a paper which had for its principal object an accurate delineation of *college manners;* that his allusions were of such a nature as no modest lady could be *supposed* to understand; and that those who *did* understand them, must have been already too intimate with the vices that they satirise to be in danger of further contamination. But in the present instance he must confess, that he is more anxious to punish the hypocrisy of his accusers than to defend himself from a charge which does more honour to his zeal than discredit to his prudence or his virtue. He is willing to allow the justice of their observations in their full extent, if they will permit him, in return, to shew an equal zeal in the cause of morality, good manners, and religion, and he has no doubt of his ability to convince the world that the fellows and graduates of Cambridge are guilty of more outrageous violations of decency and virtue than they will be able to produce in the most unguarded sentences of Juvenal, Petronius, or the CANTAB.

To suppose that "the grave and authorized guardians of religion" can ever descend to join in *scandalous prittle-*

prattle, or to countenance by their own practice the most licentious and boisterous obscenity, would be considered by his *grace* of Queensbury, and the upright Editor of the Evangelical Magazine, as the most gross and irreverent absurdity. The former has never met with a clergyman so licentious as himself, because he has never been at Cambridge; and the latter, we believe, has too much regard for his personal and literary character to be present at any other love-feast than those of H—— S—— chapel. But with due submission to these venerable champions of pleasure and christianity, we can assure them that the Bacchanalian orgies of —— College, Cambridge, are far more entertaining and instructive than the sweet whisperings of *little* Betty G——t, or the pathetic confessions of the melting votaries of grace and prostitution. The hymns of Swedenborg, and the tender confabulations of the *nuns* of Piccadilly, lose all their fertility of allusion and elegance of language when placed in competition with the sprightly repartees and liquorish descriptions that close the festivities of —— College entertainments. The goddess of *Castle End* is no longer worshipped with the cautious prudence of Eleusinian secrecy; the "friend of Bachelors" is no longer suffered to remain uncelebrated as "the nameless nothing that each fancy draws;" many Masters of Arts are emulous to support the dignity of their academical titles, by proving that none of them are incapable "*rerum cognoscere formas;* and the proper boundaries of vice and virtue, the *doctrines of attraction, and the other secrets of natural philosophy*, are defined by past, or expectant wranglers, with all the accuracy of mathematical precision.

Nor is their propensity to scandal less obvious or less excruciating to the man of feeling than their affection for indecency. To degrade the character, misrepresent the conduct, and ridicule the peculiarities of their friends

and pupils; is the most delightful amusement which these votaries of science and literature are able to enjoy. It seems natural that so great a concourse of men, devoted in some measure to the same pursuits, and professed rivals in the contest for every university honour and college emolument, should be more envious of each other's qualifications, and less inclined to allow the merit of a friend and contemporary than men more busily engaged in the bustle of active life, and with less dependence for their own prosperity on the indolence and misfortune of their competitors. But whatever may be the influence of their peculiar situation (and on common minds it is almost irresistable), it might be reasonably expected that they would have the prudence to conceal those sentiments which they could not entirely suppress, and to assume at least the appearance of urbanity, as the most effectual method of supporting their own character and interests. One advantage, indeed, is derived from their imprudence, that every man is on his guard against the machinations of his adversary; and that no one is able to maintain either honour or emolument by secret and unsuspected artifice.

It may be said of the generality of scholars, that their scandal is without grace, and their obscenity without voluptuousness; they can abuse the character of their friend without degrading it, and may talk for a considerable time with the most gross and intelligible licentiousness without exciting one luxurious idea, or one improper impulse of passion. They add to the hypocrisy of scandal and the deformity of lewdness the blundering inelegance of scholastic foppery. They seldom possess either the vivacity of the wit, or the dignity of the satirist, but waste the hours of convivial relaxation in flashes of merriment, which are amusing to nobody but themselves; or in out-

rageous and illiberal abuse, the danger of which is only counteracted by its want of discrimination or plausibility.

That there are *many* members of the university of Cambridge whose ardent and unobtrusive piety is equalled by the elegance of their manners and the purity of their conversation, it would be equally unjust and foolish to deny. The unaffected simplicity of Apthorpe, the polished urbanity of Mansel, King, Gimmingham, Tavel, and the social and convivial qualities of many other *dignitaries* of the university, will long be remembered with affection and complacency by every admirer of modesty, elegance, and virtue. But *these* are among the phenomena which dazzle and surprise the wondering imbecility of their profligate contemporaries. Their good qualities are only mentioned to be ridiculed; and their example is so far from recommending the virtues and accomplishments for which they are distinguished, that it only serves to render them unpopular. It is natural for the members of a university to be ambitious of shining in conversation; and those who are unable to astonish the Hall and Combination-room by their quickness of repartee and depth of erudition, are willing to distinguish themselves by such remarks and witticisms as require no readiness of wit, nor variety of knowledge.

To purify the morals, refine the manners, and cultivate the understanding, are the first objects of education. The danger of bad company, the advantages of learned and elegant society, the propriety and necessity of refraining in the presence of the young from every angry and indelicate expression, and the influence which early habits produce upon the future conduct and character of mankind, are the common-place truisms of books and conversation. It is of little consequence that a student should learn all the mysteries of mathematical science, that he should drink

wine with the fellows of a college, and in the course of a year or two strut about with all the dignity of a *Bachelor*, if his morals be perverted, his manners depraved, and his principles corrupted; if his religion be little more than a cloak for lewdness and malignity, his learning an instrument of malice, and his *Bachelor's* degree an apology for every impurity of thought and conversation. But if he unites the ignorance of the plough-boy to the cunning of a bailiff and the impurity of a pimp, the unhappy friends of such a monster will have no reason to complain that such a misfortune was unexpected; the annals of Cambridge will afford many instances of such characters having passed through life with admiration and applause; and though he may certainly discover that the effects of an academical education are not always so visible or so injurious, he will find reason to ascribe it to other causes than the admonition of his tutors, or the influence of virtuous example.

A.

A CHARACTER.

No. XI.

O WHATSOEVER title charm thine ear,
Sailor or Soldier, Counsellor or Peer;
For all those various duties thou hast tried,
Pass'd through their various forms with conscious pride;
From all thy conduct equal merit draws,
Crown'd with the splendid wreath of *self-applause*.

The chiefs of old, sheepish and bashful elves,
Wrote of all other heroes but themselves:
The Athenian* warrior, who his myriad led
Safe, while oppressing millions round him bled;

* Xenophon.

Cæsar, who far his conquering eagles bore,
And first with hostile footsteps trod this shore;
Though their own pens their glorious deeds record,
Careful avoid of thine one favourite word;
Nor in their copious writings can we find
A single *ego* to amuse the mind.
O Vanity! whose overweening aim
Sheds a dark shade ev'n o'er the purest fame,
The only blot on Tully's patriot name,
How must thy dark'ning influence veil in night,
Talents that shine with far inferior light;
E——* be wise, if wisdom ere can dwell
With those who pride their own small worth too well;
Check of thy own applause this fond excess,
The throbbings of thy lust of fame repress:
When others first combine in choral lays,
Thy eloquence, thy wit, thy talents praise,
'Twill then be time sufficient to proclaim,
With thy own voice, thy wisdom and thy fame;
Wait till that time, and trust my honest strain,
Ego thou never shalt be called again.

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

"Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere."—Hor. A. P. 70.

MR. SATIRIST,

In all ages of the world, and in every stage of its civilization, equally since as well as before the Christian æra, false prophets have risen up, most unexpectedly, in various parts of the known habitable world; these men and *women*—for the Sibyllæ of old, and the Joanna

* Query—*Ego*.

SOUTHCOTES of our day are proofs that imposture is of both sexes—have never failed to find their HALHEDS* and RIEBEAUS,† let their dogmas have been even the wildest that frenzy could utter, and their pretensions the most impious that blasphemy could conceive. Each, in his or her turn, raved and ranted away with proportionate success; and the labours of all, however long or short their career of celebrity, gradually vanished out of the affections and memories of mankind, for they were vain.

A succinct but lucid account of the several fanatics, who have thus more or less contributed to disseminate falsehood and folly through the world, and to the utmost of their power to vilify the most awful passages of the inspired writings by their own ridiculous figments; such an account, Sir, if conducted with temper and judgment, would be productive of no inconsiderable utility: it would exhibit an impressive lesson to all; it would shew us, in the lives and tenets of these deluding, and often self-deluded, persons, the extreme danger to which we expose our hopes of happiness, here and hereafter, when we quit the straight paths of Scripture, and under the guidance of such blind leaders of the blind, wander about from maze to maze, from delusion to delusion, from pitfall to pitfall, presumptuously expecting to penetrate into the secrets of THE MOST HIGH.

Mr. Satirist, among other portentous *signs of the times*, what man of sense is there who does not perceive with concern this increased and increasing infatuation? I allude now not merely to the SWEDENBORGS and VAN BUT-

* N. B. H. Esquire, M. P. a gentleman of ambiguous notoriety in his time, and an enthusiastic admirer of RICHARD BROTHERS, the maniac of Moorfields.

† R., a crazy seller of second-hand books, manuscript sermons, and democratical pamphlets, and a bigotted dupe to the reveries of BROTHERS aforesaid.

CHELS of irregular study; no, I would point the finger of respectful solicitude to the bowers of decided literature and acknowledged science; and ask, with unfeigned anxiety, what good is expected to result from the disquisitions of a FABER, of a KING, of a BICHENO, of a Mrs. TRIMMER, of a Mrs. HANNAH MORE, *cum multis aliis*, in the shady walks, the "palpable obscure," of *genuine* prophecy? Alas! we are but too much inclined to endeavour to become *wise above that we are able;* and, in the ardour of our fanciful pursuits, fondly imagining we do become so, I fear, Sir, we become in fact the reverse.

No doubt, Mr. Satirist, the BOOK OF REVELATIONS contains a most sublime series of most important and infallible predictions: in it we behold, as in a glass, *darkly*, denunciations of truly tremendous occurrences, demonstrative alike of the omniscience and omnipotence of Jehovah; of these occurrences, Sir, no doubt, part may have already happened, and part may be actually accomplishing. But to assume the faculty of divination, and to assert with some worthy souls that NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE is "the beast having seven heads and ten horns; and that the thirteenth chapter of REVELATIONS refers solely to his infernal ministry on the earth, appears to me to be an act that savours far more of the arrogance of human intellect than of the consciousness of human imperfection.

I was led into this solemn train of thought, Mr. Satirist, by perusing, the other morning, a very old and curious collection of recondite articles: the following prognostics bear strong internal tokens of probability; but whether the events did or did not take place exactly in the year 1668, I leave entirely to the judgment of your readers, some one of whom may possibly favour us with an English translation in a future number.

PROGNOSTICA NARBONENSIUM.

Caput I.

De Anni Qualitate.

Aureus numerus hoc anno parvus erit, ac modicus apud pauperes.

Multæ futuræ sunt tenebræ mediâ nocte præsertim tempestuosâ.

Sacrificare et sanguinem minuere bonum est et utile quoties hominem ad hoc necessitas impulerit, vitanda tamen maxime sanguinis effusio, quæ fit à rusticis circa festa Bacchanalia, dum suillis farciminibus repleti sunt.

In Martio aliisque temporibus utilia scabiosis balnea et unguenta, fricatio quoque non erit ingrata.

In Julio vina ex frigidioribus cellis allata sitientibus jucundissima. In Decembri, autem, tunicæ pellibus subductæ stomacho totique corpori sunt optimæ.

Mercatores omnibus mensibus nisi auri argentique virtute satis muniti fuerint, in alienas terras navigare diligenter caveant.

Caput II.

De Valetudine.

Principes præsenti anno caveant à gravibus morbis, etiam dum sani erunt, quod siminus fecerint, timendum est, ne eorum ingravescente morbo, quidam moriantur.

Caput III.

De Abbatibus.

Abbates magnam habebunt nobilium familiaritatem, ac etiam opem in evacuandis vasibus vinariis, exiguum autem contra adversarios præsidium.

Caput IV.

De Morbis vulgi.

Plebs si multum austeri lactis, pruna, et similia comedе-

rit, ventris profluvio exposita est, timendumque si aquam biberit, ne venter intumescat, graveque inde periculum oriatur, præsertim si indoctum medicum susceperit.

Caput V.

De Frugibus.

Triticum, siligo avena, hordeum, quodque aristam habet in rupibus et saxis tenuiter, crescet, in stercoratis autem et bene cultis agris omnis generis frumenta [si Deus gratiam suam non denegârit] copiose crescent. Non tamen pari vendentur pretio, sed nunc pluris, nunc minoris, ita etiam cæteræ res in fortunæ rotâ modo ascendent modo descendent.

Caput VI.

De vino et cerevisiâ.

Nihil aut parum vini hoc anno colligetur in Sylvâ Herciniâ, in aliis verò pluribus locis copiam vini dabunt vites et quidem suavissimi gravissimique saporis. Vinum magnas discordias seditionesque excitabit, multos de sedibus, scamnis et scalis præcipitabit: magnum denique calorem sed crumenas vacuas causabit. Cerevisia autem, bene cocta et pinguis, optima erit, nisi nimium aquæ infusum fuerit.

Caput VII.

De Pomis.

Cerasorum, esculorum, pomorum, hujusce generis fructuum grandis erit copia hoc anno in superiore foro Constantiæ et Augustæ cui nomen Berboch, quibus assumptis alia nocte crescent quam plurima. Ex horum fructuum esu calculosi evadent, et supra et infra calculos dejicient.

Caput VIII.

De Metallis.

Carius erit hoc anno argentum stanno, et aurum plum-

bo, ferri autem multitudine utentur laminarii et cultellifabri in conficiendis galeis, thoracibus, gladiisque et aliis armis. Cuprum quoque pretiosum futurum est hoc anno, ejus enim usus frequens est in cudendis monetis.

Caput IX.

De Militibus.

Milites tam pedites quam equites hastarum ludo exercitationem quærent. In venatione faventem habebunt fortunam, plerique eorum multos cuculos quærent et capient, vitamque ita instituent suam, ne caupo ullus eorum debitor maneat.

Caput X.

De Magistris artium et discipulis.

Jucundam illi hoc anno vitam ducent, propter vini autem copiam multi eorum magnam pecuniæ penuriam patientur, ita tamen vivent, ut creditores magis pro solutione solliciti sint et anxii. Secure* apud eos scientiam posses deponere nemo enim apud illos eam quæret, nec ipsi curiose quid scientiæ apud se depositum sit, investigabunt.

Caput XI.

De Plebe.

Calcearii, sartores, pelliones, opificesque reliqui multi mentientur, et hoc lucri causâ. Nulli autem tam stolidi erunt, quin præ damno lucrum eligant. Pecuniæ penuria multas hoc anno emptiones impediet.

Caput XII.

De Civitatibus.

Norimbergenses inæquales habebunt emptiones, cen-

* This sly sarcasm will, probably, remind many of your Oxford readers of Anstey's celebrated *exordium:* "Doctores sine doctrinâ, magistri artium sine artibus, baccalaurei baculo magis quam lauru digni!" &c. &c. See his Terræ Filius.

tussis enim cæræ pluris quam porcinæ vendetur. Augustani et Ulmenses magnam habebunt familiaritatem. Constantia multas habebit affectiones propter murium gliriumque multitudinem Tubingæ modica pecunia cito consumetur: ubique meliùs divites quam pauperes habebunt.

Caput XIII.

De populi Seditionibus.

Post Calendas Februarii magna futura est populi seditio, tunc stultorum infinitus erit numerus. Proximâ dein post *Parasceven* die in Aprili ingens erit sanguinis et cruoris effusio: capelli et hœdi quamplurimi mortui in sanguine jacebunt.

Caput XIV.

De Inimicitiis.

Ingentes erunt inimicitiæ inter laïcos et clericos, inter theologos et poëtas, inter probos et improbos; qui omnes inter se tunc conciliabuntur, cùm quis balneatorem invenerit, qui nunquam sudaverit, magonem nunquam mentitus fuit; vel cùm quis duos montes propinquos sine valle ostenderit, tum demum profectò interdictos firma erit amicitia.

Brazen Nose. R. F. Oxoniensis.

REMARKS ON THE CENSURA LITERARIA.

Sir,

Amongst the various excellences which the Satirist possesses, I esteem no part of it entitled to more general attention than that which justly holds up to public contempt the many miserable and catchpenny publications that periodically issue from the press; and it is most devoutly to be wished that the chastisement which has already been inflicted upon them may operate towards their

amendment. I have now to call the attention of your readers to one, which though *much* less exceptionable in many respects than several of its contemporaries, calls loudly for improvement. The Censura Literaria is a work peculiar in its object, and being calculated only for a certain class of literary men is consequently limited in its circulation. Since the days of Oldys such a work has been a desideratum amongst the studious; and had the *first intentions* of the editor (Mr. S. E. Brydges) been carried into effect, or at least *what he expressed to be his intentions*, it certainly would have rendered some service to those who may hereafter have occasion to refer to its pages. It was expressly stated, that it was to be a work containing accounts of "old English books," and generally to treat upon literary *antiquities:* instead, however, of pursuing this plan, nearly the half of a number has for sometime past been occupied with lives of poets *lately* deceased; a series of papers entitled "the Ruminator" (perhaps the most stupid, without exception, that ever issued from a pen); remarks on Wells's Geography and Jewish coins (equally uninteresting); literary intelligence; remarks upon *modern* publications, &c. &c. !!! These have a *regular* place in the Censura; and, in addition to them, we are frequently favoured with disquisitions still more, if possible, unfit to be admitted.* Now, I think, it may be fairly asked, without being deemed very impertinent in my inquiries, whether such papers as these have any business whatever in a work professing to discuss *antiquarian topics?* Nor do I consider myself as advancing too far, when I declare, that such conduct on the part of the editor is clearly *book-making*, and an evasion of those pro-

* In the last number *sixteen* pages are actually occupied with *a tale of an eccentric character!!* and I am almost inclined to believe a degree of rivalship at present exists between the editors of the Censura and La Belle Assemblée.

posals which, I have before observed, he laid before the public at the commencement of his undertaking. The prefaces, and some of the articles written by Mr. Brydges himself, are entitled to the severest animadversion, as they are composed in one unvarying and ridiculous strain of egotism and complaint, and detail only the non-descript wretchedness which a man of affluence pretends to feel, because he has made *a firm resolution* that no one earthly circumstance *shall* give him pleasure. These compositions are indeed so truly delectable, that I am unable to resist the temptation of making a few extracts.

"The times of peace and leisure, with which I had flattered myself from year to year, and month to month, are not yet arrived. *I drag on my days in solicitude and perturbation, the mark of calumny, the prey of disappointment, the victim of intrigue and oppression.* Extortion and legal robbery are not ashamed to avow their triumphs over me; and revenge is allowed to commit her insults unpunished, and even disregarded."—Preface, vol. vi.

"My ardour is gone; *I only wish to wander in the woods, or dig in the fields, without a purpose, and there sleep when I am fatigued!!!* and thus while away the remnant of my life in an innocent and peaceful obscurity."—Preface, vol. vi.

"*If treachery, extortion, and oppression; if foul and incessant calumny and misrepresentation; if the pestilent poison of vipers, nourished in the bosom of a family,* be trials to a resolute spirit, I have known them all, and my spirit is yet unbroken; but my enemies shall have the triumph of knowing, that these conflicts too often have irritated my nerves, and suspended my intellectual industry. The waves and weathers of time have shaken to its very foundation the solitary remaining branch of an ancient and once flourishing stock!!!"—Vol. vi. page 396.

"When I go to sleep with an aching heart, *the moment of my grief that I most dread is when I first wake:* then it is that the painful object of my suffering or my fears shews itself to *my tremulous nerves in all its horrors!!!*"

How much is it to be wished that a man, blessed with so many valuable acquirements (as Mr. Brydges certainly is), would be in better humour with the world and with himself; that he would sometimes forget the Chandos cause, and all the *wrongs*, *injuries*, *insults*, *calumny*, *oppression*, *malice*, and *indignities*, attendant upon that most favourite subject, with which his readers are now almost as well acquainted as himself.

Having now paid my respects to Mr. Brydges, I have to offer some few remarks upon the communications of his principal correspondents. These gentlemen appear to be Mr. Park, a man deservedly eminent for his literary acquirements; Mr. James H. Markland, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr. J. Haslewood. I have here placed them as to priority, according to that scale of merit which I consider their respective communications to possess. The works selected by Mr. Park and Mr. Markland are uniformly valuable and curious in themselves; and the notes and remarks with which they are illustrated are replete with the most useful information. Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Haslewood, on the other hand, are correspondents of another class: they may be thorough-paced antiquaries in their knowledge of cromlechs and barrows, but they are not calculated for critics in antiquarian literature; and their selections are only remarkable for their extreme tediousness. When a publication, conducted *well* at its commencement, so visibly declines in point of execution,* it is surely time that the editor (if he is not sensible of it) should be made acquainted with the circumstance; and if these remarks happen to meet the eye of Mr. Brydges, I entertain hopes that he will endeavour, without delay, to remedy at least *some* of those imperfections, which strike me as crying aloud for amendment. N. C.

* The Censura also *falls off* in another sense: the first volume contained 471 pages, the last 439.

PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE people of Great Britain are very apt to imagine that it is a *fine thing* to be a member of parliament, of which fallacious way of thinking I trust the following review of what we have done during the last session will completely cure them. I bought my seat, under a similar deception, for 7000*l*., and write feelingly on the occasion. We met, Sir, as you know, on the 21st of January, and continued sitting, with very little intermission, till the 4th of July, occupying in all above one hundred days. During this period, being a regular attender, from a sense of the duty I *owed* my constituents, I was kept from sleep (excepting occasional *naps* on the benches, interrupted by *laughs at* Mr. Windham's jokes, and *hear! hears!* at Mr. Whitbread's abuse) at least eighty nights till three or four o'clock in the morning. We had no less than *one hundred and fifteen divisons.*—*Sixteen* Opposition motions for the production of papers, which were resisted, and lost.—*Thirty-three ditto* for papers, which, after long discussions, were granted with modifications and exceptions.—*Nineteen* trials of strength in regular debates, of which notices had been given; and as for incidental skirmishes, known by the names of "desultory conversations," "rising to ask questions," "notices," "explanations," &c. &c. &c. we had, upon an average, *three every night*. It would occupy too much time to descend to particulars; but I cannot help noticing, least the country should think that important measures were *passed* without *sufficient* consideration, that we divided on the Orders in Council Bill *ten times;* on the Local Militia Bill *nine times;* on the Marquis Wellesley's government in India *twelve times;* on Palmer's claims

six times; and on Irish questions *twenty-three times*. It will surely not be denied, Mr. Satirist, that we did our duty!!—Our duty to the public, I mean; for as for our private duties, we had not time to think of them, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ*. I am one of those unhappy men who have suffered from our *amor patriæ*. You have, doubtless, observed, that about the time the debates ran highest there was a greater proportion of *crim. cons.*, *faux pas*, *elopements*, seductions, &c. among the ladies of Lords and Commons, than ever was known at any former period. This, in my opinion, was wholly to be ascribed to our sacrificing our *home* to our *foreign affairs*. While we were settling the continent, incontinent doings were permitted in our families; and perhaps while listening to some Irish bull-maker in the House, our *cara sposas* were making *horned* cattle of us. I shall never forget the 25th of May, a memorable day indeed to me. My *friend* D—, who is a *rigid catholic*, and consequently not a *member*, spent the day with me, and permitted me to go to the House, to give my vote on the catholic question, without taking his leave. On my return, at six o'clock in the morning, I found him *tête-à-tête* with my wife; and he excused his unseasonable stay by expressions of anxiety for the fate of the grand measure of emancipation. He soon after emancipated me from the bonds of matrimony; for I found, on my return home on the 14th of June, from a long discussion on Sir C. Pole's motion relative to *proctors* in the Court of Admiralty, that my friend and wife had made me a subject for a long discussion of proctors in Doctors' Commons. But the loss of my other half is not the only detriment I have suffered from my attendance in Parliament: from being a jolly, easy, good tempered country gentleman, I have become as lean as W-ndh-m, as turbulent as Wh-tbr-d, and as

discontented as B-rd-tt. I have lost my money, my wife, and my health, and all for the pleasure of being pestered with applications from every quarter for my interest in behalf of needy sons, nephews, cousins, or acquaintances; of being called from bed before I had fallen asleep, to serve some friend; of franking letters; being designated "honourable gentleman" in the House; and having M. P. added to my name, in *sub* and *super*-scriptions. I can endure it no longer; and beg, Sir, you will have the goodness to insert this letter, not only as a compendium of the Session of Parliament for 1808, but as a warning to all my countrymen, who, like myself, may entertain ambitious thoughts, and run after senatorial honours. May they be instructed by my example, and cheaply learn to be content with private fame, nor come to the *Chiltern Hundreds* through such misfortunes as have attended

Your disconsolate servant,

Bristol, Hot-wells,
9th July, 1808.

JOHN BOROUGHBOUGHT, M.P.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SPAIN.

Homines ad Deos nullâ re propiùs accedunt, quàm salutem hominibus dando: nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quàm ut possis; nec natura tua melius, quàm ut velis, conservare quamplurimos.—CICERO.

I.

BURSTING the marble tomb,
Lo! seven mail-clad Chiefs appear;
Together thus the voice they rear:
"Avert IBERIA's doom!

From LEON's* fane to CALPE's wall,
Warriors! on you we call:
Yes! WE, who oft have wag'd the glorious strife,
Reckless of wounds, and prodigal of life.

II.

"For we, [who oft have bled,
Who oft in fields of slaughter trod
To serve our country and our God,]
Now moulder with the dead;
No more to dare the doubtful fray,
No more our deeds display:
Yours' is the passing hour! To you 'tis given
To vindicate the rights of Spain and Heaven."

III.

—They vanish from the sight.—
But still is heard the thrilling sound;
And bold CASTILIANS throng around,
Impatient for the fight:
They see their Nation, great and brave,
Insulted by a slave;
They see by an Usurper's upstart pride
Their King dethroned, THE LORD of HOSTS defied.

IV.

Behold! these gallant bands,
Stript of defence by Treason's wiles,
To thee, majestic QUEEN OF ISLES!
Imploring spread their hands;
For one dread boon, alone, they sue;
Give them the *vengeance* due!
For thou, grand Mistress of the main, art born
The threats, and arts, and arms of GAUL to scorn.

* LEON. The capital of the *first* CHRISTIAN Kings of Spain. Its noble cathedral, where seven of these sovereigns lie interred, is reckoned the most elegant in all the kingdom.

V.

BRITANNIA springs from far,
Across the vast ATLANTIC wave,
To pity prone, alert to save,
She rushes to the war:
Ten thousand thousand spears and swords,
Beneficent affords;
Her ægis o'er repentant foes extends;
They seek her aid—enough!—she hails them friends.

NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

No. IV.

OUR readers must now be convinced, that, in performing this painful, but important, part of our labours, it is our intention to adhere most strictly to those principles which we publicly professed when we first solicited their attention; and that we shall not attempt to calumniate the innocent or *suspected*, although we deem it indispensable to wring, and, if possible, to *amend* the hearts of the notoriously profligate and vicious.

Even the most depraved must feel some sensations of shame and remorse, when they behold a correct picture of their depravity, exhibited not only to themselves, but to the world. Vice, divested of her meretricious splendour, and exposed in her native deformity, is an object so disgusting, that even the most abandoned of her votaries are startled at the hideous exhibition.

We are actuated by no private enmity; indeed most of the objects of our severity are only known to us as members of the same society; but they have offended against

the laws of decorum and morality, and as protectors of those laws we feel it our duty to expose and chastise them.

In the selection of our victims we shall pay no regard to riches, rank, or *political principles:* as a proof of the veracity of this assertion, we shall now immolate, at the shrine of offended virtue, a man who not only boasts nobility and wealth, but whose *present* political conduct we highly approve. Perhaps we could not more accurately delineate his character than by copying from the Roman historian that of the second TARQUIN. The same disgusting pride, the same extravagance, and the same revengeful and libidinous disposition which characterised that infamous tyrant, disgrace the hero of our tale, whom we shall, therefore, in *honour* of his illustrious prototype, denominate SUPERBUS.

It was not till subsequent to his emancipation from the university that the profligacy of his conduct attracted the attention of the public; he, however, resolved that the favourable impressions of his youth should be speedily obliterated by the enormities of his manhood. Though married to a beautiful and amiable woman, he delighted in the seduction of the wives and daughters of his indigent tenants and neighbours; and not contented with thus openly injuring the wife whom he had sworn to cherish, he invested a lady, for whom he had procured certain other preferments, with the supreme command of his domestic affairs, publicly avowing that he intended to make her the *legal* partner of his bed, when death should relieve him from what he was pleased to term "his present incumbrance." Nor was it long ere he had the opportunity of fulfilling his intention; for Lady ——'s delicate constitution was so materially injured by the repeated wrongs and insults which she was compelled to endure, that she fell in the bloom of her youth, less the victim of

disease than of sorrow. During her last illness, while she lay extended on that bed from which she was doomed never to arise, her intended successor, and her unfeeling husband, passed their time in the most riotous mirth; and, two days before her death, dispatched cards to all their profligate friends, inviting them to come and partake of their festivity.

SUPERBUS did not long monopolize the embraces of his second spouse; she was, unfortunately, as fond of variety as himself, and ultimately left him for a gallant son of Mars, who, if he had possessed one spark of delicacy, would have shuddered at a connection with the woman who so deeply injured his ———. Our noble hero, aware that, without the sanction of being a *married man*, he could not so conveniently carry on his plans of adultery and seduction, selected for a *third wife* a lady who was not supposed to possess any superfluous prudery, and who did not hesitate, if report speaks true, to have it inserted in the marriage articles, that his lordship should be at perfect liberty to follow his promiscuous pleasures, without incurring from her any remonstrance or molestation. She was contented to share his love with prostitutes, adultresses, and those who became the victims of his seductive arts; his coronet and *consequence* being all she sighed for, and "blessed with these, she cared not for the rest."

SUPERBUS is, perhaps, the most accomplished seducer in Europe: neither rank nor indigence are any protection against his diabolical attacks; he selects his victims alternately from the drawing-room and the hovel, and carries on his approaches in the most deliberate and scientific manner. Sometimes the devoted fair is invited to the splendid entertainments of his wife, and persuaded to remain a few weeks in the country, where things are so contrived, that it is almost impossible for her to escape, unless she has more resolution and *strength* than the an-

cient Amazons. Secure in the innate delicacy of the female sex, which prevents them from divulging their disgrace, he is reported to have taken the most unmanly advantages, when his persuasive eloquence has failed to produce the desired effect. In short, his character is such, that every woman who enters his house incurs suspicion; and if she sojourns there but for a single night, her reputation must be blasted for ever. So perfectly regardless is he of the effects which such baneful examples may have upon the minds of his lawful children, that he has actually made them stand *sponsors* at the baptism of his illegitimate offspring!!!

We have heard anecdotes of this man which would make our readers shudder; but they were related in private society, where there is always an implied confidence, which, as gentlemen, we cannot violate, otherwise we should publish them without the smallest hesitation.

☞ In our next we shall exhibit a most horrible picture of *female depravity*.

POLITICS.

THE prospect brightens, and rays of glorious effulgence glitter in the South of Europe, as well as in the North. SPAIN no longer tolerates the gloom that overshadowed her renown. Her warriors, one and all, rise and exclaim:

Ποιησον δ' αυθρην, δος δ'οφθαλμοισιν ιδεσθαι·
Εν δι φαει και ολεσσον, &c.—HOM. Il. P. 646.

"Dispel this cloud, the light of Heav'n restore;
Give us to see, and SPANIARDS ask no more:

If Spain must perish, we God's will obey;
But let us perish in the face of day!"*

What man dares do in circumstances of stupendous danger, an Englishman and a Spaniard will: their sternest virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out in all their terrible lustre only to confront and combat the kindred storm. In outward appearance, senseless and cold as the very stones they trod upon, the Castilians have sullenly submitted, for many years, to the taunts of French insolence, and the extortions of French rapacity. With listless apathy they saw their commerce stagnate, their manufactures, arts, and sciences languish, their lands lie worse than fallow, their rights and properties dwindle away; they saw their gallant fleets taken, burnt, sunk, destroyed, in the service of a fantastic foreigner, whilst their high-souled armies were kidnapped and hurried out of the country, across the vast territory of modern GAUL, and doomed, by an imperious upstart, to perish unpitied *in battles not their own;* they saw their kingdom perfidiously invaded on a sudden, their fortresses occupied in a time of profound peace by fraud and by force, their private storehouses plundered, their public magazines confiscated, their arms and ammunition seized, their houses entered without ceremony, their purses extorted, nay, *the very coats on their backs* most impudently put in requisition; they saw, alas! their King, a dotard, their Queen a strumpet, their Minister a base-born traitor: yes! they saw all this,—SPANIARDS saw it,—brave men

* "Though our lot" [which we hope will never come to pass] "should destine us to become *slaves*, let us become so fighting and dying like gallant men."—See the admirable PRECAUTIONS, signed JUAN BAUTISTA PARDO; by order of the Supreme Junta.

saw it,—but they stirred not. The fulness of time was not yet arrived.*

When, however, in the plenitude and wantonness of usurped authority, NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE [after meanly decoying the unsuspicious Prince of Asturias to Bayonne] unsheathed the assassin's sabre, and JOACHIM MURAT, with his ferocious hordes of Janissaries, wallowed in the blood of thousands at Madrid,—a magic, a stupendous change ensued. The violence of this last blow aimed at Spanish honour operated like the stroke of steel on the all-passive flint; and every bosom burned, every eye flashed with indignation. The sparks, thus unexpectedly elicited, spread the fire of resistance amain on all sides, with the rapidity of lightning: till, at length, from Oviedo to Cadiz, around the coast, throughout the mighty peninsula, one grand and inextinguishable blaze of genuine patriotism presents itself to the baffled tyrant's view; a blaze illuminating our quarter of the earth with hourly increasing splendour, and, under Divine Protection, we trust, aspiring pure and unclouded towards Heaven.

"Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverers
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth."

MILTON, Samson Agonistes.

On this head we rejoice to perceive but one opinion per-

* "Ne quid inausum
Aut intentatum scelerisve dolive fuisset."—VIRGIL.

vade all classes of our fellow-countrymen. The language of Mr. WHITBREAD, in his sixpenny pamphlet, addressed to Lord HOLLAND, is so explicit, so unequivocal, so manly, in the following glowing passage, that we transcribe with great satisfaction.

"The whole undivided heart of Great Britain and Ireland, nay, of France itself, and of the world, must be with Spain. Would to God the whole undivided strength of the world could be combined at this moment against the armies of her oppressor, in Spain! Ministers had declared that no mixed interests should interfere; that all the exertion should be for Spain, and Spain alone; and I am happy to acknowledge that the part of the King's speech, which relates to Spain, bears out the professions which had been before made.* It has my unqualified approbation. The

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* "His Majesty views with the liveliest interest the loyal and determined spirit manifested by the Spanish nation, in resisting the violence and perfidy with which their dearest rights have been assailed.

"Thus nobly struggling against the tyranny and usurpation of France, the Spanish nation can no longer be considered as the enemy of Great Britain; but it is recognized by his Majesty as a natural friend and ally.

"We are commanded to inform you, that communications have been made to his Majesty from several of the provinces of Spain, soliciting the aid of his Majesty. The answer of his Majesty to these communications has been received in Spain with every demonstration of those sentiments of confidence and affection, which are congenial to the feelings and true interests of both nations: and his Majesty commands us to assure you, that he will continue to make every exertion in his power for the support of the Spanish cause; guided in the choice and in the direction of his exertions by the wishes of those in whose behalf they are employed.

"In contributing to the success of this great and glorious cause, his Majesty has no other object than that of preserving unimpaired the integrity and independence of the Spanish Monarchy. But he trusts that the same efforts which are directed to that great object, may, under the blessing of Divine Providence, lead in their effects, and by

policy is sound, and the expressions could not have been better chosen.

"Arms, ammunition, money, let them be poured in with a hand as liberal as can be conceived. All they ask for! and nothing they do not ask for. If an army shall hereafter be required, let no consideration of rank or favour interfere in the selection of the officer to command it. The stake is too precious to be risked in inadequate hands. The country has a high opinion of the military talents, the gallantry, and the other qualifications of the officer now in Ireland, ready to embark with a limited force. [*Sir A. Wellesley.*] May the appointment of a general for any larger force be equally judicious, and equally acceptable to the public! Thus shall we render ourselves worthy of being the supporters of Spanish valour, and Spanish virtue. Thus shall we best add to their chance of success. Thus shall we render the most effectual service to this empire and the world. This cause is, indeed, the cause of justice and humanity. If it prospers,—stupendously glorious will be the victory; if it fails,—their conqueror will have obtained any thing rather than honour: but the Spaniards of this day will be recorded to the latest posterity as a people deserving of a better fate; and they will have afforded a noble example for the imitation of the inhabitants of *these* islands, when their last battle, the last battle of the European world, shall be fought."

Yes! the Spaniards of this day, whether finally successful or not, will indeed be recorded in the annals of the world as a most interesting and heroic people, worthy of eternal remembrance. They set about the salvation of Liberty and national Independence like men; and although, through the known rascality of GODOY, that infamous *Prince of the Peace*, they go to work at the eleventh hour, we must not deny that the generous ardour and enthusiasm wherewith they proceed has made them

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their example, to the restoration of the liberties and peace of Europe." Monday, July 4, 1808.

equal to us, who have borne the burden and the heat of the day. We fight in one COMMON CAUSE: and of the Spanish Patriots, who may be permitted by the Almighty to fall in the conflict, it will hereafter be said, with heart-felt veneration, that like the worthies of old:

Μαρναμενοι δ' ἀρετης και δειματος, ὐκ ἰσαωσαν
Ψυχας, ἀλλ' ἀιδην κοινον ἰθυντο βραζην,
Γαια δε πατρις ἰχει κολποις των πλειστα καμοντων
Σωμαθ' ὑπι θνητοις ἰκ Διος ἠδε κρισις.

In our ninth number [June 1, 1808], page 403, we stated our decided conviction, that the tongue, the press, the pen, the sword, were the active weapons of warfare, and that the three first of these might be made far more permanently efficacious than the last, if manfully and honourably exerted: for the operation of the *tongue*, the *pen*, and the *press*, conduces to secure the liberty of the human mind; whereas the operation of the *sword* can but protect the liberty of its wearer's body. The editor, or leading writer, of the TIMES newspaper, a man of deservedly great estimation in general, has endeavoured to controvert the justice of this conviction. In his paper of Friday, 8th July, 1808, he sneeringly and sarcastically observes: "No, no; if HE" [meaning NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE] "is to be kept out of Spain, he is not a gentleman to be stopped by papers and parchments: it must be by powder and ball." True, most potent, grave, and reverend Signor, our very worthy and approved good master! true; the first, without the last, will not do his business certainly. But here is a little mistake between us, honest friend! We seek not to *convert*, but to *conquer*, BUONAPARTE; powder and ball, those dreadful "RATIONES ULTIMÆ REGUM," are the best arguments we can use against that noisy logician: but we do earnestly desire to *exhort*, to *alarm*, to *admo-*

nish, to *encourage*, all European nations to make head against him, and to check his enormous, incessant, barbarous aggressions; papers and parchments, proclamations the most clear and explanatory, covenants the most comprehensive and binding, are the sole coercive measures we recommend to produce this glorious effect. In full accord with THE SATIRIST, as to the expediency and efficacy of this extensive mode of warfare, *in close co-operation with all the other energetic offensive and defensive* "PRECAUTIONS," the Spanish Junta direct:

"X. All persons of education in the provinces should be stimulated to frame, print, and publish frequent short discourses, in order to preserve the public opinion, and the ardour of the nation, confuting at the same time the infamous diaries of Madrid, which the baseness of the late government has permitted, and still permits, to be published in Madrid itself, and has caused to be circulated abroad, detecting their falsehoods and continual contradictions; let them cover with shame the miserable authors of those diaries, and sometimes extend their remarks to those charlatans, the French gazetteers, and even to their Moniteur; and let them display and publish to Spain, and to all Europe, their horrible falsehoods and venal praises, for they afford abundant matter for such a work. Let all such perverted minds tremble at Spain; and let France know, that the Spaniards have thoroughly penetrated their designs, and, therefore it is that they justly detest and abominate them, and that they will sooner lay down their lives than submit to their iniquitous and barbarous yoke."

The whole of this document is highly creditable to the council from which it proceeded: it employs such just reasoning, it entertains such wise and temperate views, such noble and elevated sentiments, that we must confess they have exalted our opinion of the talents and knowledge even of the SPANISH NATION, and added not a little to our fond expectation of the ultimate success of the gal-

lant Patriots, in this grand and unanimous struggle for the independence of their country.

> Be nerv'd the arm, be drawn the sword,
> WAR, WAR! when glory is the word!
> As lightning swift the hero flies,
> As lightnings flash his ardent eyes;
> His flaming faulchion, lo! he draws,
> And gladly, in his country's cause,
> Or crown'd with conquest mounts to fame,
> Or crown'd with honour dies.

Whether it be the will of our common Creator (by whose inscrutable, yet all-wise, decrees nations rise and fall, flourish and decay), that NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, drest in brief authority, shall continue to oppress France, to dethrone monarchs, and to ravage states, till the inevitable law of our common nature quietly terminates his portentous career; whether, in short, the accumulated offences of mankind in general, and the supineness of Portugal and Spain in particular, together with the luxury and extravagance of these BRITISH ISLES, render the suspension of Divine *mercy* still, for a season, the indispensable act and operation of Divine *justice;* it is not the province of Humanity to inquire: enough, surely, for us is already revealed in the sacred volume of inspiration, and in the judgments which are abroad in all the earth. He, by whom kings reign and princes decree justice, has unequivocally declared, in times of old, by a mighty power, and by a stretched-out arm, that them who honour him he will honour, and such as despise him shall be lightly esteemed. In this declaration of Scripture, which has been so constantly confirmed by universal history, let us implicitly and gratefully confide. NAPOLEON was an *atheist* with French republicans, a *Roman-catholic* with the Pope, a *renegado* with the Turks, a lying *dissembler* and *simulator* with all the world.—

Enough, then, for us be it to know, that our worst human enemy is also the outcast of our God; enough for us that we combat in the cause of virtue, and in the defence of rational liberty. If we live, or if we die, let us at least be found living or dying in the humble discharge of duty to OURSELVES, to SOCIETY, to our GOD.

Το μεν γαρ τελευτησαι, παντων ἡ πεπρωμενη κατεκρινε· το δε καλως αποθανειν, ἰδιον τοις σπουδαιοις ἡ φυσις απενειμε.—ISOCRATES.

ODE TO EXTRAVAGANCE.

I.

Soft pow'r! whose *easy* sway
Innum'rous hosts obey,
Howe'er diversified their state
By nature, soil, or clime;
Whose mighty sceptre rules
The countless herd of fools,
Resistless as the will of Fate,
Nor changeable by time;
Whilst others, who thy greatest care have known,
(Ungrateful that they are!) such care contemn;
Though by their ev'ry word and deed is shown
How strong thy rays, auspicious, beam on them;
A wight who oft by thee inspired,
In youth's delicious hour, romantic,
By all of boyish folly fired,
Has played full many a silly antic;
Now, in the name of all his kind, appears
To pay their many debts, and clear the old arrears.

II.

Though some have proudly said
That *genius* rears its head,

And point to those inventions
That overrun the earth;
They e'en may cease their pother,
For *thou* (prolific mother!)
In spite of their pretensions,
Giv'st half these bantlings birth.

III.

'Twas thou that, of a truth,
To soothe th' *imperial* youth,
(What time to vent his *dreadful* rage
On us, he sought occasion;)
Didst whisper in his ear,—
(*French* ears to thee are dear)
That *wonder* of each future age—
The project of INVASION!!!
Fired at the thought, the raptured *hero* see!
Up springs *a fleet of boats* to storm *the island!*
Yet, fearful of *the perils of the sea,*
He *wheels* them to their rendezvous, on dry-land!!
But, oh! but, ah! alack! alack! alas!
What sad defeats the *wisest* plans may know!
That Boney should be brought to such a pass,—
To *chain* his *gallant squadrons* from the foe!!
Clearly, oh, Goddess! doth all Europe see,
That "*a' the girding o't*" belongs to *thee!*

IV.

When patriot Pitt was number'd with the dead,
My country wept his fall in sorrow's fulness;
Quick *All the Talents* rear'd a hydra head,—
That medley strange of folly, pride, and dulness!
Encouraged by thy tribe of light-winged *hopes,*
The *scum* of factions dared their heads to raise;
And e'en the crazy props of falling popes
Anticipated many a Smithfield-blaze!

But hush, my muse! give o'er,
Pursue the theme no more;
No more the worthless animal deride,
By one it hath been said,
"Speak not against the dead,"
And, ah! it met its end—by *pig-like suicide!!**
Now with *the pole of honour!* on its breast,
By all detested, let it ever lie;
Whilst from the sod that hides the hideous beast,
The frighted trav'ler "wheels, and passes by."

V.

But, Goddess, should I *all* thy vot'ries sing,
Or e'en to such *attempt* prepare my fiddle;
My voice would fail, and so would ev'ry string,
And I, ungraceful, finish in the middle.
The circle's quadrature, the chymic stone,
The arctic continent, the South Sea bubble;
And all that gives to witless wits such trouble,
(Kind wench!) thou mak'st peculiarly thy own.
Although the *Op'ra* be thy chiefest care,
Whose managers are proud, the world shall know it,—
Still *many* a *friendly moment* dost thou spare
To conj'ring *novelist*, and doleful *poet*.
But were my ditty long as chevy-chace,
And were my lungs as strong as brass or leather,
Still, in so *brief*, so *circumscribed* a space,
Not half thy follo'ers could be got together!
Therefore, although it do my nature vi'lence,
I'll hush my *tuneful note* in *solemn silence!*

* We have heard of a *sow* THAT SHOT HERSELF!!—*by a spring-gun!* This, however, we imagine, is not the *end* here intended. The death of *All the Talents*, we sincerely believe, was, *on their part*, very unintentional; and, therefore, more like that of a pig in the water, which, in the act of swimming, with its fore-trotters *cuts its own throat!*—SIMON SCRIBLERUS.

THE LOITERER.

No. VII.

When it is considered how much the manners and character of a people depend upon the conduct of the female part of society, it is impossible to contemplate the liberality of sentiment and unreserved freedom of action which so eminently distinguish our fair contemporaries, without anticipating consequences of the greatest importance. Any one who makes the least observation on what is passing around him, must have perceived the gradual disappearance of all those mounds and *breastworks* of caution and reserve within which the fair were accustomed to entrench themselves. Defended by these, it was no easy matter to subdue them: they would stand a long siege and assault, and when at length compelled to capitulate, would keep you at parley till they had made good terms for themselves before they surrendered up the fortress. But now all these defences which prudery had erected are levelled—the generous females of our time scorn to coop themselves within such barriers; they trust to their own strength, and meet us fairly on the plain: their minds are enlightened by the bright sun of philosophy which has of late years blazed forth dispelling the mist of ignorance and prejudice: they know man too well to look on him as an animal dangerous to approach, and whom it should be their chief study to avoid: they very justly consider the intention of Nature in giving a different sex to animals of the same species, and very properly, therefore, make it the chief object of their pursuit to answer the purposes for which they are created.

No more striking proof, perhaps, can be adduced of

the neglect and contempt into which all those prejudices, which had been dignified with the name of chastity, virtue, and decorum, are fallen, than the frequent recurrence of actions for *crim. con.*; and the high price at which, on these occasions, the ladies are generally rated, shews the increase of value which they acquire even in the estimation of those who, according to old fashioned modes of thinking, might be supposed to value them least. Thus a man, who has no greater regard for his wife than for any other piece of furniture in his house, while she continues to practise the dull routine of duties enjoined her at the altar, can instantly perceive her worth as soon as she has transferred to another possession of her person; from whence it is natural to infer, as the object transferred is still the same, that it is the act of transfer itself which renders the object estimable: for it would be very illiberal to suppose, that any man coming before a jury to demand remuneration for such a loss, could be actuated by avaricious motives, or a wish to turn the courts of justice into a market for the sale of wives. Actions of this sort have multiplied of late years as fast, if not faster, than bankruptcies; and while they serve to shew how much more business is done now-a-days, than in the time of our precise grandmothers, they afford good grounds of hope, that having run round the circle of fashion, we are returning to the point from whence we sat out, and are rapidly reapproaching that happy state of nature and simplicity, in which, according to the earliest accounts* that have reached us, this nation once existed; when all was perfect liberty, and wives as well as every thing else were in common. Indeed the rights of man, and the rights of woman, after having suffered a continued and progressive violation for a period of nearly two thousand years, ap-

* Vide Cæsar's Commentaries.

pear likely to be reasserted now in all their natural purity; since it seems to be already established as a principle which is very generally acted on, that by the law of nature a man cannot acquire an exclusive right to any one woman, who properly belongs to the whole community; and that property in the person of a wife, like property in game, being derived entirely from human institutions, is no longer to be respected than while it is subservient to the superior laws of nature: thus human laws forbid us to put a fellow-creature to death, yet if our own lives are threatened, the laws of nature permit the sacrifice.

The wiser nations of antiquity thought more justly on this subject, than those shallow cynics who now set themselves up to censure the fashion of the time. The Spartans, with a proper regard for the rights of woman, when they had once occasion to be absent for some time from their city, came to a general agreement to supply their wives with the youngest and handsomest gallants they could find: and thus, by anticipating their desires, secured their gratitude for what they would otherwise have helped themselves to, without being obliged to any one. The opinion of Cato on matters of this sort is well known; and Cato was not only one of the wisest men in Rome, but had as pure motives of morality as any of the chaste beings who turn up their eyes in wonder at stories of *crim. con.*, and as high and delicate a sense of honor as those who come into a court of law, seeking, in the verdict of the jury, a salve to heal the wound inflicted by their wives. Yet Cato would lend his wife to any of his friends who happened not to be supplied, and to induce them to accept the offer, would specify all her good points, as a jockey would those of a horse, or mare, which he wished you to purchase.

In the eastern nations, which have preserved almost without change the simplicity of their primitive manners,

marriage is regarded in a very different light to that in which unreasonable prejudices have led many persons amongst us to consider it. In Tibet,* for instance, we find that it is looked on as a burthen which all the brothers of a family unite to bear; so that it often happens that one lady has six or seven husbands at her disposal; and if she chuses, a few gallants besides; the husbands pay them every attention, considering them as fellow-labourers, whose exertions contribute to lighten their task.

Nothing, however, shews more plainly, perhaps, the revolution which has unaccountably taken place in the opinions of mankind on this subject, than the contempt and ridicule which were so freely, and are still, by those who retain their silly prejudices, lavished on the HORNS. The Hebrews,† the Egyptians, and many other nations of antiquity, wore horns as marks of dignity and power. Thus Moses displayed his horns when he wished to inspire

* In Tibet we find a strange practice, that of polyandry, if I may to call it, universally prevailing, and see one female associating her fate and fortune with all the brothers of a family, without any restriction of age or of numbers. The choice of a wife is the privilege of the elder brother; and singular as it may seem, I have been assured, that a Tibetian wife is as jealous of her connubial rites, though thus joined to a numerous party of husbands, as the despot of an Indian Zennana is of the favors of his imprisoned fair. Under circumstances so unfavourable, it is no wonder that the business of encreasing the species is but coldly carried on. Marriage in fact, amongst them, seems to be considered rather as an odium, a heavy burthen, the weight and obloquy of which a whole family are disposed to lessen, by sharing it among them. The number of husbands is not defined or restricted within any limits. A family resident in the neighbourhood of Teshoo Loomboo was pointed out to me, in which five brothers were living together very happily with one female, under the same connubial compact.—Turner's Embassy to Tibet, p. 348.

† See Lantier's Travels of Antenor in Greece and Asia.

peculiar respect, and Jupiter Ammon was worshipped under the form of a ram. Our ancient European knights wore horns upon their helmets to render themselves more formidable to their enemies, and these were always affixed by their wives when they left their homes for the field. Every one knows that this practice is still continued by the wives of our time; but how, from objects of respect and dignity, horns have become the subject of vulgar scorn and mockery, the ladies must settle among themselves. In the mean time, however, it is evident, from the very general appearance of horns within these last few years, that they are using their best endeavours to bring them into fashion. It would seem then, that the free and unrestricted intercourse between the sexes, which the example of those illustrious females, whose late actions have made so splendid an addition to the annals of *crim. con.*, tends to produce, is not only consonant to the laws of nature, but is sanctioned by the opinion and practice of the wisest nations of antiquity.

THE FOURTH LETTER OF FLAGELANTUS.

SPECIMENS OF THEATRICAL AND COLLEGE WIT.

Sir,

There are certain apparently petty offences which escape the cognizance of the law, as if of too little importance to be included in the legal code, yet which are of momentous concern in reference to the peace and good order of society. Innumerable are the instances which might be adduced; but I shall confine myself to two, the one describing a misdemeanour of a public, the other of a

private nature; while both may serve as specimens of the rest.

You are too nice an observer of our theatrical entertainments not to have seen, and been offended at, the indecorums exhibited *before* as well as *behind* the curtain; among the most flagrant of these are the practices of those ephemeral beings, who infest our public places, for no other purpose but to promote their own amusement, and interrupt that of others. I do not here allude to that unhappy part of the audience on whom compassion rather than satire must cast the eye of observation; and who, alas, are condemned rather to pursue their interests than their pleasures, "wherever men do congregate:" though even these *proscribed* unfortunates have been reduced to their dread necessities more by the arts and passions of the nuisances I am about to describe, than by any vicious propensities of their own. No, Sir, the worst disturbers at our public places are those who enter a play-house with no other view, than to shew a disdain of every thing that brings the more rational parts of the audience together. Neither the play, the poet, nor the actor, are objects of the smallest attention, unless on the first night's representation of any new piece, they are induced to raise both the hand and the voice to its destruction. But, perhaps, Sir, I shall be better able to bring the culprits of the order I am speaking under the eye and lash of the Satirist, rather in dialogue than by narrative: it will be more dramatic, and therefore better suited to the occasion.

Scene.—The inside of Covent-Garden theatre. Enter at the same door Lord Noodle and Sir Bob Nonentity, at the middle of third act of a new piece.

Lord N. Damn'd full—not room for a leg—by G—d!

Sir Bob. Non. Never mind—love a cram—plunge—here we *go* it!

But, I beg pardon, Mr. Satirist, I have forgotten to *dress my characters.* Figure to yourself, therefore, Lord Noodle, only son of an Earl of that name, the hope, or shall I rather say the despair of the Noodle family; a youth of about eighteen, pale, languid, his head bushed up according to the new mode of setting every hair *bolt upright* like a cockatoo, so as to give rather the air of a *man* out of his *mind* than in his sober senses; his throat environed by a preposterous quantum of cravat up to the chin, the peak of which it enveloped; his waistcoat, scarcely of length to fit a school-boy, in consequence of the immense height of a pair of fashionable *leathers*, which, by the help of modern bracers, reached above the middle of the body, and a coat of light green, scarcely long enough for a shooting jacket, with dirty boots and a jockey whip! His friend, *Sir Bob*, a proper companion to this piece, which, I pledge my honour to you, is taken from the *life*, notwithstanding the perhaps too generous disguise of names, (for *I personally know them both*) was arrayed in pretty nearly the same habilaments, with the distinction only of a dark, instead of a light, green jerkin, a slip of striped kerseymere, of a saddle-cloth pattern, and, instead of an *alarmed* head of *hair*, a terrified *wig*, perfectly in keeping with the cockatoo tresses of his noble friend. They both composed as correct a couple of grooms or jockeys, as ever were turned out of a stable, although, I blush to add, they were born to a drawing room.

Referring you back, therefore, to their opening speeches on entering one of the tag, rag, and bob-tail boxes of the theatre, upon that night particularly crowded, we will go on with the scene.

Lord N. Quiz is the order of the night—I forgot tho'—

Bess, you know, threw the bottle at me, and broke my quizzing-glass—see here's the *case*—smash—

Sir Bob. A *pitiful* case! ha, ha, ha.

One of the audience in the same box here called to order. "For shame, gentlemen! If you must talk nonsense, go into the stable and have it to yourselves." Hereupon the laugh was repeated more loud, and re-echoed still louder by Lord N. who snapt his fingers most heroically over his head. "If you don't go out I'll make you," said the gentleman, "I came here, with my daughters, to be *entertained*, not *insulted*."

Lord N. So did I, sir!

Sir Bob. And I, damn me, and I!——

The gentleman now rose, with some of his party, which consisted of modest and beautiful young ladies, with a little boy, of all whom he was the father; and just at this moment, a fine flashy half naked woman, in all the indecency of fashion, and with a voice at once loud and vulgar, demanded what was the matter?

Lord N. Why, Bob and I were but just quizzing a bit, and old *Grave-airs* there huff'd us, because we laugh'd a little; but I am glad you are come, for now we'll have our fun out in spite of him.

This produced another laugh, in which the flaming lady joined most vociferously. Aye, you may look as wise as a goose, and as red as a turkey-cock, and may bristle up with your mock-modesty ladies as much as you please, cried she, but we can be as gruff as you; yet who cares *that* for it, snapping her fingers. Here Lord N. exclaimed, at the top of his voice, bravo! bravissimo! my dear Bess. I forgive you the smash of my quizzing-glass for this. How dos't do, my blooming Betty? questioned Sir Bob, shaking her rudely by the hand. By this time the insulted gentleman was joined by the justly-indignant audience in one general voice of "turn them

out, turn them out!" The clamour increased, when one of the young ladies intreated her father, (who was rushing to the offender) to leave the house, as she saw her sister was ready to faint; this, indeed, the poor girl did in the next instant, and it was with difficulty she was removed, by the help of her sister, father, and some well-bred people of the same box, into the lobby, where, being held from seizing the offenders, the gentleman shook his cane with one hand, and disdainfully threw his card of address with the other, saying, if he was not as destitute of courage as he was of manners, they would meet again. The injured party was now obliged to leave the house, as the situation of the youngest daughter became more alarming, and the injurers remained only to receive the just tribute due to their unwarrantable conduct, namely, the hisses and groans of the audience, who, from every quarter of the house, assisted in hooting them away.

Luckily these transactions happened at the end of the third act; but though they were finished by the expulsion of the offenders soon after the beginning of the fourth, the audience were hereby so disturbed, and had lost so much of the interest of the comedy, that it put them out of humour; and before their attention could be recalled to the former favourable point, a parcel of riotous half-price gentry rushed in, and presuming that the ferment in which they found the house proceeded from the ill success of the play, aggravated the scene of confusion by every means in their power, insomuch that the remainder of the comedy was only suffered to go on in the midst of a desperate contention of clappers on the one hand, and hissers on the other.

Thus, Sir, by these noisy, ill-bred, and licentious individuals, were paternal feelings outraged, modesty insulted, the amusement of a sober family destroyed, the public entertainments interrupted, and the exertion of the perform-

ers rendered ineffectual to preserve a piece which promised that success, to which the ingenious have claim, and to which every rational and just hand and heart are willing to contribute.

Mr. Satirist, misdemeanors of this nature are not uncommon; their counterparts are seen, heard, and felt, many times in the course of every season; and they call for your keenest lash and sharpest execration. They not only expose the ignorance and mischief of the loose and unmanly, but they argue baseness and cruelty of heart, and lead, if possible, to worse excesses. The nocturnal excursions of such adventurous spirits only commence at the playhouse; it is the opening scene of their proposed secret expeditions; they proceed in due gradation from the theatres to the show-shops, gambling haunts, and other midnight receptacles, whether of high or low life, till they progress to the cells, dens, and caverns of human beasts of passion or of prey, known in this all-receiving metropolis by the name of *finishing* houses, that is, the places of final resort, where every deed "the tender eye of day would wink to look on," is practised by such characters as I have been describing, and their congenial associates.

I should have considered this length of detail as waste of time and paper, did not the subject appear to me of great importance, involving offences which tend to the subversion of that social order which is the beauty and harmony of the educated world, the infringement of which is productive of numberless evils; and though these, as before observed, are not punishable by the laws of the land, they certainly come within the statute of the moral Satirist, and are therefore a proper topic for his correspondent,

FLAGELANTUS.

P. S. The above specimens of theatrical wit have inevitably run into such length, that the promised ones of the college, no less worthy of your official castigation, must stand over to my next letter.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

A CERTAIN law lord was allowed, when at the bar, to exhibit uncommon ability in cross-examination, whilst his propensity to the frail beauties of the day was equally notorious. In a cause between a fair Cyprian and her keeper, upon the non-payment of a bond for certain arrears, &c. a sprightly damsel of the same condescending class appeared as a witness on the part of the plaintiff; and being questioned very closely by Mr. E——, the expression of "*handsome allowance*" occurred in one of her answers. "And pray, my dear," said the acute counsel, "be so obliging as to inform me what you would really consider to be a *handsome allowance?*" The witness (conceiving the question, from his well-known pursuits, was intended for a further purpose than to determine the merits of the cause upon which she was then being examined), dropping a very low curtsey, replied, "Sir, I assure you, I shall be extremely well satisfied with as much *as you allow Gyp.*" The lady known by this appellation was a brown girl, the daughter of a fruit-woman of Covent-garden, and at that time kept by Mr. E—— in apartments in the neighbourhood of Clare-market.

EPIGRAM.

Whilst Ned wooed Kitty for his bride,
'Twas said without *a cause* he sigh'd:
Wedded, there's none but must allow,
The youth has *cause sufficient now.*

FASHIONABLE NEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Whitbread has been appointed, *by himself,* to discuss matters of great importance with HOLLAND.

Mrs. Billington is gone, for the remainder of the season, to *Sussex.*

Madame De G—— has resolved not to quit *Portland.*

Mrs. Spectacle L—d is by no means alarmed at our strictures on certain *fair exhibiters,* well knowing that it is not our practice to make mountains of *mole-hills.*

The Duke of Q—— has been nearly drowned in his *lacteal* bath. His Grace imagines that the shortest road to Heaven is *by the milky way.*

Sir A. Paget, since the verdict of ten thousand pounds was given, finds that Lady B. is *dearer* to him than ever.

The sages of Doctors Commons are extremely jealous of certain fashionable staymakers, who have of late dealt very largely in *divorces;* not indeed to part man and wife, but to separate *bosom friends.*

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Scott's Dryden (*continued.*)

In our review of those productions whose excellence depends on their style and imagery, it is impossible for the critic entirely to escape the suspicion of injustice or partiality. The sentiments and versification which are considered by one reader as impressive and melodious, may be regarded by another as exhibiting only the nicetiies of affectation, and the pruriences of a perverted imagination. But, in the present instance, it will be impossible to read the documents that we shall produce without admitting the justice of our sentence. We do not appeal to the taste of our readers, we only request their attention to the most glaring and irrefragable facts. We have accused Mr. Scott of sharing with his booksellers in the lowest devices of commercial cunning; and we now proceed to substantiate that accusation. Our criticism need only be read to produce the most powerful and immediate conviction. We commit it to the world without the least doubt of its producing a very powerful effect on the feelings of the public; and we are charitable enough to hope that it will rouse even Mr. Scott from his present insensibility to critical remonstrance.

It will be readily allowed, that an edition of a poet whose works had been published in such a variety of

forms, and every particular of whose life had been so fully illustrated by the labours of the scholar and antiquarian, should be distinguished by no unusual marks of haste or negligence. The public was already in possession of all that was necessary, and it could have waited with great composure for all that was superfluous. There is no apparent reason why Mr. Scott should have executed so important an undertaking with such dangerous precipitation, or why he should not have waited in all the tranquillity of editorial dignity till his inquiries and conjectures had been satisfied. The public would have willingly resigned, for a few days, the pleasure of reading this edition for the greater satisfaction of seeing it complete; and would have altogether excused Mr. Scott's obliging readiness to print off a large collection of errors in one part of the volume, and correct them in the other. Vide the whole of vol. i.

But these are errors which display negligence rather than design, and are more inconvenient to the reader than discreditable to Mr. Scott's integrity. The rest of his mistakes are of a more serious character, and display such an acquaintance with the art of book-making, as could not have been acquired without a long apprenticeship. Of the disgraceful repetitions which occur in almost every other page, of the art with which the most trifling note is appended to almost every line which bears the least connection with the original subject that it was intended to elucidate, and of the strange ingenuity with which every kind of rubbish that appeared during the time of Dryden has been expanded and repeated, in every variety of form and combination, it will be impossible to give the reader any adequate idea in the limits to which our extracts are necessarily confined. To those who are unwilling to pay nine or twelve guineas for such gratification, we submit the following passages.

"So far back as 1679 some favourer of Lord Stafford and of the catholic cause ventured to paraphrase the story of Naboth's vineyard, and to apply it to the condemnation of that unfortunate nobleman for the catholic plot. In that piece the scripture names and characters are given to the objects of the poet's satire, precisely on the plan adopted by Dryden," &c.—Vol. ix. page 198.

"A catholic poet in 1679 paraphrased the scripture story of Naboth's vineyard, and applied it to the condemnation of Lord Stafford, on account of the popish plot. This poem is written in the style of scriptural allusions, the names and situations of persons being applied as in Dryden," &c.—Vol. i. pages innumerable.

The whole account of the reception, merits, &c. of this poem is given in both places, and in nearly the same words.

"It was reported that this addition was in consequence of Shaftesbury's having conferred a favour on Dryden (by recommending, it is said, in a note, his son to the Charter-house) and his family. But this Mr. Malone has refuted in the most satisfactory manner."—ix. 201-2. [Then follows the real state of the affair.]

"It has been reported that this mitigation was intended to repay a singular exertion of generosity on Shaftesbury's part; who, while smarting under the lash of personal satire, had the liberality to procure admission for the poet's son on the foundation of the Charter-house, of which he had formerly been governor. But Mr. Malone has fully confuted this tale."—i. 246. [Then follows the real state of the affair as before, in nearly the same words.]

The whole of the notes in the ninth volume are little more than forty or fifty different accounts, in nearly the same words, of Shaftesbury's life and character, of his flight, concealment, banishment, and death. On arriving at page 415, the following remark induced us to suppose that we had taken leave of him for ever.

"As the reader has now to take a *long farewel of Lord*

Shaftesbury, it may not be amiss to remind him," &c. &c. Yet on turning forward a few pages, the first note that we observed was filled with a long account of *Lord Shaftesbury*, beginning with, " It was a standing joke among the followers of *Lord Shaftesbury*:" and the rest of the notes on the medal are almost entirely devoted to him.

Examples of a similar nature may be found in the following references: the subjects that precede the figures being mentioned in nearly the same words in all the places to which those figures refer.

The success of Absolem and Architophel, i. 203.—ix. 249. Monmouth's banishment, ix. 197.—i. 240. Charles's fondness, and Dryden's forbearance, towards Monmouth, ix. 200.—i. 243.—ix. 263.—i. 251. Shaftesbury's flight, concealment, measures, &c. ix. 406. 412. 415, &c. &c. &c. Hickerengill's Mushroom, i. 257.—ix. 452. Answer to Johnson's remarks on the conclusion of Absolem Architophel, i. 248, &c. &c.—ix. 202, 203; and settles, writing fortunes, appearance as a mountebank, &c. i. 273.—ix. 378. The following extracts from the last of these notes seems to be as worthy of quotation as any we have produced.

" Finally, he took the prophetic hint contained in Dryden's lines, and became, not indeed the master, but an assistant to a puppet-show. Nay, he was obliged not only to write for the puppet-show, but to appear in it as a performer, enclosed in a case representing a green dragon, of his *own proper device*."—vol. ix. 378, 379.

" Nay, having proceeded thus far in exhibiting the truths of Dryden's prediction, he actually mounted the stage in person, among other performers, and combated St. George for England in a great dragon of *his own proper advice*."—Vol. i. 273.

The reader will observe, that most of the repetitions we

alluded to are mere extracts from the first volume, which contains the life; and that they corroborate, in a great measure, our former censures of his style.

If we have appeared, on the present occasion, to express more warmth than is usually excited by the frauds of literary delinquency, we shall defend ourselves by adverting only to Mr. Scott's peculiar situation. The applause which he has received, whether deserved or not, has been ardent and unbounded; and it would have been more pleasing to observe, that it had excited him to diligence in honourable exertion, than to discover that it produced no other effect upon his mind than that of encouraging him to abuse the favour of the public with all the coolness and ingratitude of the most practised duplicity. Whatever may be the temporary success of such deceptions, they will, after the first moments of ignorant credulity are passed away, be equally disgraceful to his character, and injurious to his interests. The public will, at last, discover the folly of their indulgence, and will take care that the ingratitude by which it was repaid, shall be represented to posterity with such circumstances of corroboration, as neither the praises of ignorant admiration nor the real merit of his writings will be able to resist or palliate; and instead of being celebrated by the impartial criticism of future ages as the poet, the critic, or the historian, will be distinguished by the less glorious and more appropriate appellation of Scott the *book-maker*.

We exhort him, therefore, with all the sincerity of friendship, and all the confidence which his most ardent admirers can have in the original rectitude of his principles, to retrace the steps that he has passed in the paths of literary artifice, and to rest his fame and his interest on the basis of diligent and honourable exertion, rather than on the uncertain foundation of popular delusions. How-

ever we may have ridiculed the folly and affectation of his poetical productions, we have still some hope that a moderate share of application and integrity would elevate him to a very respectable rank amongst the admirers of feudal barbarism, and the connoisseurs in romances that were only forgotten because they were too foolish to be remembered; and it is surely more worthy of his ambition to be distinguished as a useful and conscientious antiquarian, than to be classed with such literary impostors as Phillips, Sedley, Miles, and Winterbottom.

A Letter from Mr. Whitbread to Lord Holland, on the present Situation of Spain. Written from Dover-street, 5th July, 1808. London: printed by J. M'Creery, Fleet-street, for J. Ridgway, opposite Bond-street, Piccadilly. 15 pages, neat; octavo. Price 6d.

Wishing to give to our sixpenny Patriot's effusion every chance of attaining that notoriety which is avowedly the object of his most anxious solicitude, desirous also of affording to the public every rational entertainment in our power; willing, moreover, equally with SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq. M. P. *to prove to the whole world* that we "cannot endure misrepresentation, the consequence of misunderstanding;" [Mr. W.'s Letter, p. 9.] THE SATIRIST takes up his hat, and gloves, and ferule, with the utmost cheerfulness, and accompanies this ingenious gentleman to examine his "ΠΑΝΟΡΑΜΑ of the present situation of SPAIN." The canvas is *new*, the colours are *wet*, the scent is *strong*, the design is *quaint*, the perspective is *delusory*, the *tout-ensemble* is *unique!* Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in; the exhibition is well worth a tester, and you shall have a glimpse of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE and his—*peace!*—(we are not sure

of the meaning and orthography of the *word*,*)—for nothing.

Mr. Whitbread, gentle reader, very seldom condescends to ink his fingers. Born, luckily for himself, as he honestly admits between friends, "with a *golden* spoon in his mouth," this GENTLEMAN-COMMONER of the University of Literature brews good beer, breeds good cattle, spouts good speeches, schemes good plans; but rarely fabricates *des bonnes brochures*,

——"nisi dignus vindice nodus
"Incideret:"——

and, still more rarely, in laudable imitation of the writer of Lord Erskine's political pamphlet,

——"quarta loqui persona laborat."†—HORACE.

Although every disgraceful particular, once so closely connected with the tumultuous elections of a would-be demagogue and his gang of low ruffians, [his cavalcades, serenades, cars, butchers, ass-drivers, and fish-women] is fading fast out of the memory, no less than out of the favour, even of the fallen Opposition Squad themselves: yet, perhaps, Mr. Whitbread may still be pleased to recollect, and with fresh self-congratulation, his glorious

* We believe GROTIUS would define it to be: Vox, et præterea *nihil*.

† *Apropos.* Should Mr. Whitbread emulate the modesty and honourable dealing of the unknown writer here alluded to, more especially should he wish to learn the fair mysteries of authorship, by which a bungling declamatory scrawl *about it and about it*, may be made *apparently* to arrive at the THIRTY-SIXTH edition; we respectfully, and with confidence, venture to refer him to a certain tolerably *known* character, not yet wholly lost in the mazes of his enormous wig, once pretty generally denominated by a buff and blue society COUNSELLOR EGO. See the SATIRIST, *passim*.

much-puffed and often-printed "LETTER to Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, Baronet," on the very eve of that unsuspecting young man's last contest for Middlesex. We certainly have not evinced much attachment to the friend of John Horne Tooke, we boast no great predilection for modern republicanism; we shall not, we presume, be charged by the Bedford member himself with subserviency to the cause of Insurrection, Anarchy, and *soi-disant* REFORM. As men, however, who love manly procedures in other men, and resolve to speak and to act in a manly way ourselves, we do not hesitate to express our decided disgust at the apparent advantage studiously taken in *timing* the publication of Mr. W.'s FRANCIAD. To that publication, undoubtedly, and to it alone, the Baronet attributed his failure. But the occasion, *captandi vulgus*, was irresistible.—Proceed we to the thing before us!

Just now, all BRITAIN, with one voice, prays fervently for the success of SPAIN in its desperate struggle against the aggressions of FRANCE.

When, on Wednesday, 15th June, 1808, the "ROLLA" of our House of Commons, dexterously seized his opportunity to fulminate invectives *in prose* against the tyrant of GAUL, exclaiming:

"Buonaparte had hitherto only fought with Princes who had been misled and infatuated, and Ministers who had been most miserably mistaken, if not corrupt, but all of whom seemed to have been destitute both of foresight and fortitude. He had never yet fought with a PEOPLE, much less with a people who felt themselves roused by a noble indignation at the manner in which he had endeavoured to force his tyranny and oppression upon them. He could not conceive why the subject should not be discussed in that house. On the contrary, he thought the greatest benefit might result from it. The noble and generous spirit of the Spaniards would be strengthened and supported, by the knowledge that the sentiments of the British Parliament were congenial with

their own; and that they were desirous of affording them every possible assistance in the glorious struggle in which they are engaged. If the enthusiasm of SPAIN be really roused, the TYRANT OF THE EARTH would feel,—all Spain and all Europe would feel,—that if his Majesty's Ministers do interfere in the present contest between Spain and France, that those Ministers in so doing will be strenuously supported by Parliament, and that could not fail to give an additional spirit and force to the enterprize."

When this grand *coup de theatre* was played off, what was the conduct of SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq. M. P.—the sixpenny pamphleteer? He deprecated all discussion, was for saddling the backs of Ministers with responsibility in this, as in every other case; and hinted broadly that the little Corsican's perfidy was kept in countenance by our own. Yet, this monarch of butts and barrels, in less than a month, finding the popularity of Mr. SH*****N increasing in weight, and his own bucket emptying rapidly in exact proportion, rashly wets his grey-goose quill, and scribbles off the present delectable *morçeau*.

He begins curiously:

"Dear Lord Holland, the subject of the *Letter* I am now undertaking to write, is so peculiarly interesting to YOU, from *the attachment you have formed to a people amongst whom you have resided*, the *grandeur* and *energy* of whose character you have had the opportunity to estimate, and to which you have always done justice, even when that character was obscured by *the faults and oppressions of a bad government*;".....

Reader! we protest, of a truth, that, having read thus far, we started, as if our eyes deceived us; we apprehended the brewer was letting dear Lord HOLLAND's cat out of the bag, most unceremoniously indeed: we recollected that, after his lordship ran off *with*, or *from*, Sir G. W.'s *wife*,—we beg pardon,—Sir G. W.'s *lady*, of whom he himself has done *his* part to make an honest woman; we

say, we recollected that he sojourned, for no inconsiderable time, at *Paris*, and even dined at the same table with Buonaparte, if the public papers told truth: we, therefore, apprehended the FRENCH nation to be the object of his correspondent's aukward eulogy, and NAPOLEON's bad government to have obscured the French character by its faults and oppressions. No such thing; Mr. W. meant SPAIN all the while; for he continues thus:

"You are so well acquainted with many of the most distinguished personages of the Spanish nation; and you are so truly the representative of Mr. Fox," ['Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hœdos, noram,' says VIRGIL's artless clown] "that when I wish, publicly, to record my sentiments respecting *the present situation of Spain*, and the motives which have actuated *my conduct in Parliament on that particular point*, I cannot address any one with so much propriety as yourself."

Oh! Monsieur, tout cela est-il bien vrai?

In pages 4, 5, our pamphleteer [for as such only are we now to consider him] indulges his splenetic humour, by commenting on his own poor opinion of the present strong administration; despondingly summing up the whole with this profound, astonishing, and luminous remark: "But they are of the King's appointment:"—Stupendous discovery! And what then?—"To them the interests of the kingdom are confided!!!!" Wonderful, most wonderful! and again and again most wonderful! As if a man should assure us, upon his honour, that *Mr. W. hath sent a dull letter to Lord H.*, aye, and moreover he is ready to make oath, that *Lord H. has received the dull letter from Mr. W.*

In page 6 he, seriously or ironically, we cannot positively ascertain which, praises Mr. Sheridan's SPEECH; but instantly assures us,—"I *lamented* that any motion had been made." As Mr. Whitbread, we understand, was not among those who publicly FORGOT themselves at AR-

THUR O'CONNOR's trial at Maidstone, we are inclined, personally, to believe his assertion here; indeed, we confess, we deem it no more than an act of justice to this ingenious letter-writer, to state our persuasion, that his natural disposition inclines him always to adopt liberal measures; and that the leprosy of *party*-spirit alone gives that incurable taint to his expressions, which many of his late best admirers sincerely deplore.

In page 7 he repeats this declaration:

"A few days after, in one of the stages of the Act of Appropriation, I recalled the attention of the house to the principal topics of discussion during the late session, and made some observations upon the general situation of our affairs, both foreign and domestic. *I still abstained from any mention of Spain.*"

Now this confession, at least, betokens candour; *et valeat, quantum valere potest!*

In page 8 occurs another dry *hit* at Ministers, in consequence of their neither applying to Parliament for an additional vote of credit, nor bringing down a message from the crown, immediately after the communication made by Lord Castlereagh to the Lord Mayor. In pages 9, 10, occurs the liberal passage that we have already inserted in our article on POLITICS, page 64.

In page 11 we read a sentiment, again attempted to be impressed on the minds of our generous fellow-countrymen, that actually made us shudder: it runs to this effect; that Mr. W., after all the experience, the horrid, bloody experience of the times, (and, particularly, the experience to be derived from the pretended topic of discussion, viz. THE PRESENT SITUATION OF SPAIN! Shame, shame, where is thy blush?) that a gentleman of imputed talent, of known property, of professed patriotism,—we tremble with indignation whilst recording the damning clause,—at the conclusion of his speech on the Act of Ap-

propriation, declared, that he still adhered to the mad opinions he laid down on the 29th of February last, when he moved as a resolution in the House—THE BRITISH HOUSE!—of Commons, "That there is nothing in the present state of the war which ought to preclude his Majesty from embracing any fair opportunity of acceding to, or" [Gracious heaven!] "COMMENCING, yes! *commencing* a negociation with the enemy," [the ferocious, sanguinary, lying, cut-throat, *philanthropic*, enemy] "on a footing of equality, for the termination of hostilities, on terms of" [*Ditto* repeated!] "*equality* and HONOUR."—On the 5th of July, 1808, Mr. W. maintains that desperate proposition anew!!!!!!

"O, tribus Antyris caput insanabile!"

In pages 12, 13, our grazing brewer kindly details, for dear Lord Holland's instruction, the notable benefits which must result from his wise suggestions: but hist, gentle reader! think not SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq. M. P. means us to be duped by the most magnificent Sultan, ALI BUONAPARTE. No, no; only hear the conjuror:

"Nothing should be done but in concert with the Spaniards; and the complete evacuation of Spain by the French armies, the abstinence from all interference in their internal arrangements, the freedom of the royal family, might be the *conditions* of the negociation."

After these *conditions* [to which, of course, NAPOLEON will eagerly accede] we shall all enjoy peace, plenty, liberty, equality, commerce, fraternity, and exemption from taxes! *Risum teneatis, amici?*

In page 14 Mr. W. says: "These are my views, and *I am desirous they should be known.*" The SATIRIST, at least, contributes his aid to effect this desirable end. The pamphlet is actually contained in but *twelve* pages, our review fills up seven. Mr. W cannot, therefore,

accuse us of neglecting, or of suppressing, his amazing discoveries. Whatever may be his *solitary* opinion of our honest strictures, we care not; our loyal readers, we persuade ourselves, will approve our plain dealing, and only blame us for the good kind of character we assign to this Advocate for Peace with the BUTCHER of Bayonne. We address our labours to the intelligent and truly liberal minded: as for the herd of Oppositionists, hungering and thirsting after BUONAPARTE's righteous judgments, we content ourselves with observing, in the blunt language of ÆLIAN, vii. 11.

Τῶν δὲ ἄλλων ἐω. Τί γὰρ μοι κωφοῖς καὶ ἀνοήτοις συμῳδεῖν τὰ λυσιτελοῦντα:

"We let the others alone; for why need we *sing to a dead horse?*"

Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron. Newark, 1808. Duodecimo, pages 174; second edition.

This pretty little collection of namby pamby verses, [although the author *modestly* professes it to be the SECOND edition of "Hours of Idleness, a series of Poems, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, *a minor;* Newark, 1807." Octavo, pages 187. *See our Review,* SATIRIST, No. I. pages 77, 78, 79, 80, 81] is, in reality, almost an original work: so many have been the additions, and—*erubescit, salva res est!*—so remarkable have been the OMISSIONS. As this is the FACT, our readers will pardon us for again introducing to them this eccentric *minor* poet;—but stay, ladies, stay, 'tis a truly harmless Lord, now—he is without his BEAR,* and is himself muzzled.

In these Poems, newly vamped and varnished, we are presented with a frontispiece view of IDA, *alias* HAR-

* SATIRIST, No. IX. page 368; No. X. page 489. Sævis convenit ursis. "*Bear* lives in social fellowship with *bear.*"

ROW ON THE HILL, and a brief Dedication to our noble author's right honourable guardian, the Earl of C**, in lieu of the six pages of stupid Preface, which we justly reprobated in the Hours of Idleness. Now this manœuvre shews his lordship's art of finesse to be improved, since his intimacy with honest Bruin; for surely the following two passages would have had a very aukward and ambiguous appearance in a *second* publication within twelve calendar months: "My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and *I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves*, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves, where I am, at best, an intruder." *Preface*, viii.—"It is highly probable, *from my situation*," [as *Bear-leader*, we presume] "and pursuits hereafter," [there are other PURSUITS at Cambridge, we know, besides those OF LITERATURE] "that I should ever obtrude myself *a second time* on the public; nor even, *in the very doubtful event* of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit *a future trespass* of the *same* nature." *Ibid.* ix. His lordship's table of Contents, prefixed to the Hours of Idleness, contained forty articles; that prefixed to the Poems before us contains thirty-nine, *six* infamous and *faded* nettles being cautiously flung into the jakes of oblivion, and *five* insipid weeds hastily stuck into the gaps; of the Hours of Idleness *thirty-seven pages* are thus rejected, and in the Poems *twenty-five* pages are stitched, all fresh, and fine, and new. If Wits have short memories, Minors and —— are liable to similar and more disingenuous failings.

The two wretched publications lie on our table. Let us examine them both together: let us inquire why thirty-seven pages *only* were torn out of the Hours of Idleness, and ascertain what may be the merit of the twenty-five pages foisted into the Poems.

The first piece rejected was written "On a distant view

of the village and school of Harrow on the Hill." He then fancied that he spoke better than Mossop, and acted better than Garrick.* His lordship is *somewhat wiser* now. The second effusion in the Hours of Idleness condemned by Bruin and Co. was called, "The first kiss of love;" and we honestly confess our extreme surprise, to find that any attachment between the major and the *minor* luminary [Arctophylax] should have induced his lordship to adopt so rigorous a procedure: the lines are flowing, the language is luxuriant, the sentiments are warm. Ideas far more impure, however, conveyed in diction infinitely more offensive, are sedulously preserved in the Poems. Let the reader judge for himself.

"THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.†

I.

"Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which Folly has *wove*;
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on *the first kiss of love.*

II.

"Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with fantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted *the first kiss of love.*

III.

"If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be dispos'd from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of *the first kiss of love.*

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* Hours of Idleness, pages 5, 6.

† Hours of Idleness, pages 22, 23, 24. See Satirist, No. I. p. 79.

IV.

"I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove;
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to *the first kiss of love.*

V.

"Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move;
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams,
What are visions like these to *the first kiss of love?*

VI.

"Oh! cease to affirm, that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness *strove;*
Some portion of Paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in *the first kiss of love.*

VII.

"When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past,
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove;
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial, *the first kiss of love.*"

What a confounded pity it is, that a man, who could once pen such pretty thoughts, should, in the course of one little twelvemonth, condescend to carry guts to a bear!!! But such, it seems, is the strange character of George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor.

——"Sæpè notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modò lævâ Priscus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas:
Ædibus ex magnis subitò se conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honestè:
Jam mœchus Romæ, jàm mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis."

HOR. Sat. lib. ii. 7.

The third slighted composition in the Hours of Idle-

ness is addressed "To a beautiful Quaker." It is a very ridiculous bit of idleness, no doubt; but what then? Its more favourite *quondam* companions are not much more important. Now we do almost wish his lordship's spirit [or his bear] had moved him to retain the trifle: it places him in so novel, so mild, so lovely a point of view; it represents him, gentle reader, *at his prayers!* *Hist.*

"Then* let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care."

PRAYER OF GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, A MINOR.

"May Heaven so guard my lovely Quaker,
That anguish never can o'ertake her;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be, aye, her heart's partaker.
Oh! may the happy mortal, fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,
For her, each hour, new joy discover,
And lose the husband in the lover.
May that fair bosom never know
What 'tis to feel the restless woe,
Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
Of him, who never can forget."

The fourth performance discarded from the Hours of Idleness, or, in other words, the Poems, is that sweet, that exquisite "Love's last adieu,"† where his lordship gave us "a view of old Mr. *Time* cutting a bundle of roses, with a *large last adieu.*" The loss of this poem may, in the quaintly-intelligent phrascology of our sister kingdom, be denominated a gain.

The fifth rhapsody of the Hours of Idleness, that appears not in the pure pages of the Poems, is entitled by his

* Hours of Idleness, page 33.

† Hours of Idleness, pages 39, 40, 41, 42.

lordship, "Answer to some elegant verses, sent by a friend [B— H— R—!] to the author, complaining that *one* of his descriptions was rather too warmly drawn."*

The sixth and last most execrable libel, torn out of the Hours of Idleness with compunction and remorse, "*if Fame speaks truth from Ida's sounding hill*,"† is the base attack on his unoffending and much-offended superior, whose honour is as paramount over that of Lord Byron, as his lordship's talents at growling are confessedly inferior to those of his *fidus Achates*—Bruin.

> "Say whence, my Lord, this LATE repentance came?
> Your *crime* was public,—public is your *shame*."

And now, if it so please George Gordon, Lord Byron, farewel to his vile *Hours of Idleness* for ever!——

Turn we our eyes and attention exclusively to the five new compositions in the Poems of 1808.

The first piece is a light *song*, in pages 26, 27, 28, 29, addressed to *Mary*. Stanza I. says, that his *feeling* was *centered* in her; stanza II. that his *wishes* were blest, his *soul* was with her; stanza III. that he *arose* very early, had a *four-footed* guide (not a *bear*), *hopped* from mountain to mountain, *prayed* for Mary, and had dreams *spread out* at eve on the heath, instead of a pair of sheets; stanza IV. that a terrible change happened when he awoke! he left his *bleak* lodging, his *visions* (or sheets) were *gone*, perhaps stolen, the *mountains* were *vanished*, he must *wither*, and delight in *witnessed* days, splendour has *raised* but *embittered* his lot, and his heart is *cold* and *lingers*: "his lordship apprehends a world of figures here!" Stanza V. that when he sees a *hill* he thinks of *rocks* [See Locke's system of the association of our ideas];

* Hours of Idleness, page 118.

† Hours of Idleness, pages 148 to 169. A long, a *laboured*, task.

when he sees the blue of a *talking eye*, he thinks of eyes that *endeared* the *scene;* when he sees *light hair*, he thinks on *carrotty curls*. [How fine a thing Mary must think it to study Locke!] Stanza VI. that the *mountains* may once more *rise* (*i. e.* in plain prose, Mary's *bosom* may *heave*) in their *mantle* of *snow;* but, ah! will she *receive* him *there?* No. Adieu, then, ye *hills* and *waters!!!!* Sublime!

The second effusion is a letter in verse to the present *Duke of Dorset*, pages 62, &c. The following passage gives a dreadful portrait of its author, George Gordon, Lord Byron, the *minor*.

> "Ah! though myself by nature haughty, wild,
> Whom INDISCRETION hail'd her favourite child;
> Though ev'ry *error* stamps me for her own,
> And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
> Though my proud heart *no* precept now can tame,
> I love the virtues which I cannot claim."

The third piece of jingling rhyme, "To the Earl of ——," is truly insipid.

The fourth *lusus poeticus* depicts, in more pathetic language than we expected to see written by his lordship's pen, the *tædium vitæ* that ever haunts the libertine once acquainted with the charms of virtue.

The fifth and last novelty, entitled "Lines written beneath an elm, in the church-yard of Harrow on the Hill, September 2, 1807," has little merit; but then (and in his lordship's idea of merit, even negative virtue may be of great worth) it has no glaring defect: the CONCLUSION is, surely, pretty, although somewhat of ambiguity lurks beneath it; as in Cora's song in Pizarro.

> "Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose,
> Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;

For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Prest by the turf, where once my childhood play'd;
Wrapt by the soil that *veils* the spot I lov'd,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps mov'd;
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the *few* my soul acknowledg'd here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside."

We really entertain, personally, no animosity against this noble author and minor poet; but conceiving most conscientiously that the GRANDEUR of an independent British press is subservient solely to the interests of sound literature, of rigid honour, of genuine virtue, and of pure religion; conceiving this, we rise above all ideas of compromise, vacillation, and reserve, whenever, as in the present instance, a turbulent youth, or, as in that of *Charles Sedley*, a low-bred and abandoned miscreant, *monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*, stalks insolently in all the pride and pomp of authorship before us, callous to past wholesome chastisements, and rudely braving future merited animadversions. Of Sedley's amelioration we utterly despair; for who expects figs from thistles? The man is a downright knave, a notorious literary swindler, a professed libeller, and a most incorrigible blockhead. Far other, we hope, will henceforth be the world's unanimous opinion of GEORGE GORDON, Lord BYRON, when no longer a *minor* poet. The advice of parents, the admonitions of tutors, the adjurations of disgusted school-fellows and collegiate companions, the awards of men of learning and known talent, may all, hitherto, have been sadly disregarded; but, in the paltry volume before us, we think we observe *some* proofs that the still small voice of conscience will be heard in the cool of the day. Even now the gay, the gallant, the accomplished bear-leader, is not happy; even now the monitory pang is felt; and

conscience, cruel, inexorable conscience, extorts this fearful avowal:

"Though Pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still—
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm contentment mine,
Which VIRTUE knows, *or seems to know!*"

Of the youth, the noble youth, who thus feels, and thus expresses his sensations, the SATIRIST will not yet despair; *lateat scintillula forsan.* We now take our leave of him and his two works. Henceforth we expect to see the sun of his glory blaze unclouded in meridian splendour: it arose, indeed, amidst darkness; its disk but just peeps above the blackened horizon. There is still one beloved and intimate friend left to his lordship besides his bear; one, whose counsels, wild, dangerous, plunging as they have hitherto been, Lord BYRON has never slighted. To that guide of his youth, that inseparable bosom-counsellor, we conjure his lordship to attend.

An immediate and effectual Mode of raising the Rental of the Landed Property of England, &c. By a Scotch Farmer, now farming in Middlesex. Longman, Hurst, &c. 1808. pp. 157.

On reading this title, from the general character of the author's countrymen, though we might expect to find some national prejudices, we did also expect to find some good sense, delivered in plain and temperate language; but a more disgusting effusion of arrogance and folly we have seldom met than in this work.

One of Mr. Loudon's* first discoveries is, "that the

* This is the avowed name of the author.—REV.

rental of land, fit for the common purposes of agriculture, in Scotland, and some of the northern counties of England, has increased from twenty to one hundred per cent. within the last thirty or forty years, while similar lands in England, in general, do not produce above ten or fifteen per cent. more than they did at that period." The cause of this, the investigation of which is the principal subject of his book, and which he entirely imputes to the superior ability and information of his countrymen, is so obvious, that he who runs may read. Lands in a high state of cultivation, and producing a high rent, are not capable of such comparative improvement as lands almost uncultivated, and producing hardly any rent at all. What proportion can any degree of improvement in rent on land, rented at thirty shillings per acre, bear to that on land originally rented at two pence per acre, and raised to five shillings? The experiment which Mr. Loudon's landlord has made, and which he advises all English landholders to make, of calling in Scotch farmers, and giving them, what he calls, equitable leases; that is, long leases, with unlimited power to plough, crop, &c. as they please, would, in general, on the highly cultivated lands of England (for such we maintain them to be, notwithstanding the bold assertions of this dogmatic gentleman), be something like the intended project of certain parish officers, recorded by Dr. Burney. "They applied to Snetzler (a celebrated organ builder) to examine their organ, and to make improvements on it. 'Gentlemen,' said the honest Swiss, 'your organ be wort von hundred pound just now. Well; I will spend von hundred pound upon it, and then it will be wort fifty.' "

As an instance of our author's patriotism and modesty, and his summary mode of disposing of an objection which we cannot answer, we quote the following passage.

Speaking of the consequences of emigration, supposed, in general, and allowed by Mr. L. as derived from extending the size of farms, he says: "With regard to the warlike spirit of the natives being lost, &c. by large farms, it is a thing of no importance, and therefore not to be regretted, except by those who lie under the influence of local attachments and prejudices!" Of such local attachments and prejudices we confess ourselves to be proud; and where the degrading influence of commerce, whose basis is self-interest, has so far prevailed as to eradicate such prejudices and attachments, and establish as a general axiom, *ubi bene ibi patria*, the independence of the nation cannot long be preserved, nor will be worth preserving. Of Mr. L.'s firm attachment to *self-interest*, we have the following curious proof from his own pen. "The truth is (argue as we may) men are actuated by nothing else, the only difference consists in having clear ideas of what our interest is. Those who deny this, and say they are acting for another and a better world, are only amusing their fancy in the present one."

This reminds one a little of Sir Archy Macsarcasm, who seems to think it so impossible for any person to act without interested motives, that when it is told to the Irishman that Charlotte's fortune was not lost, he says aside to Mordecai, "They are taking him in, they are taking him in." We know too much of the honour, the patriotism, and the disinterested integrity of many, very many, of the Scotch to say that such is their general national character; but we are tempted to say,

"This is the Scot that Macklin drew."

Mr. L.'s liberal opinion of the lower orders in this country, and his proposal to people the whole southern part of the island with Scotch artizans, because not a horse

can be *shoed*, nor a wheel properly *shod*, in England, would, we think, have been more prudently kept to himself, if he means to continue among us.

As an instance of com lete silliness (we can give it no other name), we cite the following note:

"Why may we not hope that, in fifty or a hundred years, haymakers (I do not add corn-reapers, for, I trust, the major part of that process will soon be performed by machinery, and whenever labour is sufficiently high to produce an effectual demand for such a machine, the machine will then appear), why may we not, I say, hope that haymakers, who, seventy years ago, were clad in sackcloth, and at present are in coarse cotton and worsted, may, a century hence, be clothed in transparent muslins and silk veils, handling the rake, and moving among the haycocks, with all the grace of what is now called a delicate and accomplished lady? They may even converse on poetry, morality, and the history of their country, and recite and criticise the verses made by each other's loves! Who would not rejoice at such an amelioration of the female part of mankind?"

This really is almost too much for our patience. Accustomed as we are to criticise the trash of the present day, we have seldom met with such trash as this. We are much afraid that this amelioration of the lower class of females would have much the same effect as dibbling in Norfolk, as quoted by our author from Young, in his *abuse* of the agriculture of that county; "and the girls lying about under the hedges with the men, would produce the natural consequences on their manners, bastardy will flourish, and *maid* servants be uncommonly scarce."

We must, however, do Mr. L. the justice to say, he gives a very flattering picture of an accomplished English gentleman, and he is very civil to the ladies. He highly praises the ladies of Stanmore for their virtues, their elegance of manners, and their beauty; and two ladies of

Pinner, whom he names, for their virtues *only*: the distinction, however, is not very gallant.

His numberless Latin quotations do not seem particularly calculated for a book of this kind, as English farmers are not, in general, as the author will allow, very good classical scholars. But honest John, we must confess, is apt to be pleased with what he does not understand; and Addison mentions a country clergyman, in one of his Spectators, who got great applause from his congregation by inserting copious extracts from *Quæ genus* in his sermons.

If the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers were living, this little work would furnish ample materials for a poem of the same kind.

History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment, of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. By Thomas Clarkson, M. A. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

There never was a question which excited more interest and enthusiasm, at least for a time, than the question now before us; but it has generally been observed, that those who were warmest on the subject, knew least of it from *their own* observation. The advocates for its abolition were peculiarly active in exciting horror and indignation against it from the pulpit, the press, and even from the *pallet*; by means of occasional sermons, the dissemination of cheap publications, and by pictures of all kinds from the elegantly finished drawings of slave ships laid before the legislature, down to the wood cuts of Grub-street and St. Giles's. All this inundation of argument, of declamation, and of invective, was *on one side*, and the passions of mankind were carried by storm, before the outworks of his reason were even assailed. These *ex parte*

statements were powerfully assisted by the then fashionable ideas of liberty, and the affected philanthropy springing from the *soi-disant* philosophers, and visionary revolutionists of France; indeed with many, abolition and emancipation were synonimous terms, and were each equally desired, without adverting to the ruin and desolation which must ensue to the colonists, the losses of the merchants and manufacturers at home, or the evils attendant on a hasty abolition which must inevitably have been incurred by the negroes themselves, the very people whom all this was intended to benefit. Many of the advocates for abolition were not ashamed to employ sophistry, and even misrepresentation, either wilful, or proceeding from ignorance of the subject; it was asserted that the slave trade on the coast was the *sole* cause of slavery in Africa, and this had its effect on many well meaning, though injudicious people; it has, however, since been clearly proved, that slavery has existed all over that continent from the earliest times; that a traffic from the interior has always been carried on in all directions; and these facts are not only proved from scriptural and profane history, but also from the latest travellers, particularly by Brown, in his Travels to *Darfur*, where it appears that a slave trade is carried on into Abyssinia and Egypt, from the central parts of Africa, where they have no knowledge whatever of European commerce. Such, indeed, is the perseverance of the custom, that it is a well known fact, both at Madagascar and the Comorro islands, that the *Caffre* parents bring off their children to the ships, and *offer them for sale!* In thus noticing this species of misrepresentation, we would not be understood as wishing to justify slavery *ab origine*, but simply to shew that the abolition of the trade on our part would not remove the evil in Africa; and therefore, though the slave trade could not be justified on abstract principles, yet it

was still necessary to be on our guard, lest in the hasty attempt to remedy one evil, we should create a number of others, without removing the original one. It is also something worthy of remark, that although the abolitionists refused the application of this principle in debating and in reasoning upon the trade itself, they yet found themselves obliged to concede it, as far as it respected the question of emancipation!* In this general burst of enthusiasm, the author of the work before us was peculiarly active, indeed he seems to have been the *apostle* of the cause; his early exertions, however, from his own account, arose not from any knowledge of the slave trade, but from some minor considerations which led him to a partial view of the subject; whilst subsequently he was stimulated to further inquiry, by some insulated facts he had picked up of specific cruelties, and which, as they seem to have confined his researches to *one* side only of the question, warmed him into activity, and prompted him to a perseverance, for which we must allow him credit, though we differ from him essentially in his circumscribed view of an affair of such magnitude and im-

* By *many* at home, emancipation was considered as the natural result of abolition, and it was looked for *universally* by the negroes, who are not accustomed to logical distinctions; yet the abolitionists, fearful of exciting an alarm which would have been prejudicial to their cause, denied the inference: and in this History of the Abolition, there is an obvious wish to keep the questions separate, till at the close of it we discover the cloven foot in the following remark: "Who knows but that emancipation, like a beautiful plant, may in due season rise out of the ashes of the abolition of the slave trade, and that when its own intrinsic value shall be known, the seed of it may be planted in other lands?" It is not our place here, however, to argue the question of emancipation; according to a fashionable phrase, the people of England are now pretty well *enlightened* on that subject; and the fate of St. Domingo, we hope, will operate as a warning against any other *speculative* experiments.

portance. The work itself is extensive in its object, and from its great variety of matter, precludes a regular analysis: we shall therefore lightly sketch its plan, noticing in our progress those passages which are worthy of praise, or appear deserving of animadversion. It opens with some general observations on the influence of christianity towards the abolition of slavery, and by way of laying a foundation not only for the attention of the reader, but evidently also to engage his passions in the cause, Mr. Clarkson informs us, that to make an estimate of the value of the abolition, it is necessary to examine the nature of the slave trade in three points of view. Now here a plain, or a philosophical reader, would expect a simple statement of facts on which to form his estimate; that, however, would not answer the purpose intended; we have therefore a glowing picture of a mother distracted for the loss of her children, of a village burned down, and the inhabitants forced into slavery, of cruelties exercised in the passage, and of sufferings inflicted in the West Indies, which it is well known do not exist, though some *few* instances of cruelty *have* been proved to have taken place in a space of two centuries, amidst a wide-extended population. Mr. Clarkson may perhaps say, that his *pictures* are proved to be true in the subsequent part of the work; but even if that were the case, still it will not justify that apparent begging of the question in exciting the feelings of his readers, before he convinces their judgment.

He now proceeds to a retrospect of the attempts to overturn slavery, or at least to meliorate the condition of the slaves in America; and it appears that the first attempt was by Las Casas, who, in order to free the native Indians, proposed an importation from Africa. This *humane* absurdity we should not however have noticed, if it had not been equalled in the present day, by an importation

of Chinese settlers into the island of Trinidad; these unfortunate people were persuaded to leave their native homes to cultivate an unhealthy island, and *this* in the cause of humanity! To expose the absurdity of this plan of subjecting the Chinese to evils, through humanity to the negroes, is indeed now unnecessary, as the failure of the plan itself has sufficiently shewn how little is to be expected from enthusiasm stimulated by ignorance. In page 48 he observes, that "Southerne brought forward his tragedy of Oroonoko, by means of which many became *enlightened* upon the subject"—enlightened! yes, no doubt Mr. Clarkson thinks the world will also be enlightened by *this* work; and *enlightened* they will most certainly be on *one* side of the question; for although it professes to give *all* that has been said on the subject, a single glance at the work itself will shew how far this has been adhered to. To enumerate all the writers quoted as enemies to the trade, would be beyond our limits; there is however one extraordinary passage in page 59, which deserves remark. We are informed that Postlethwaite proposes a number of queries on the slave trade, respecting the origin of the commerce, the effects that might result from the abolition, &c.; and although it does not appear that *any* answer was given to these queries, yet Mr. Clarkson very *logically* observes, that "the publication of these and other queries, by a man of so great commercial knowledge as Postlethwaite, and by one who was himself a member of the African committee, was of great service in exposing the impolicy, as well as immorality, of the slave trade." That the asking of a question amounted to a proof, is a new discovery, and will certainly tend to shorten our judicial proceedings, as the counsel who asks most questions, even though he has fewest witnesses, must inevitably gain the cause. It may perhaps be thought that this objection is more *nice* than *relevant*, nor should we

indeed have noticed it, were it not, that in many passages of the work itself, the *proofs* brought forward are pretty much of the nature of Mr. Postlethwaite's queries. *Another* proof of this kind we have with respect to the charge of kidnapping the negroes in Africa. It appears that in the year 1729, the then Attorney and Solicitor General had given it as their opinion, that the master's property still vested in the slave, even after he had landed in England; this opinion, indeed, has since been deemed illegal, and certainly was not compatible with the principles of liberty at home, though we must deprecate its application to the colonies. Under the sanction of this opinion, the negroes were seized in the streets, and carried on board of ships bound to the West Indies, and Mr. Clarkson asserts, that there was even a system of crimping established for the purpose. Now this may be all very true, but mark the inference. "This last instance shews how far human nature is capable of going, and is an answer to those persons, who have denied that kidnapping in Africa was a source of supplying the slave trade." What then? is acting under a supposed legal authority at home, a proof of illegal acts abroad? But perhaps he may say with the poet,

> "Trifles light as air,
> Are confirmation strong
> As proofs of holy writ."

In noticing the exertions of Mr. Ramsay in the cause, he gives him great praise for his plans of amelioration, in which, attention to the religious principles of the negroes forms a prominent part; and to this we will so far agree, as to allow that instruction in the moral duties of christianity, as far as they are applicable to the state of the negroes, might be attended with good consequences. But it is unfortunate that the missionaries who have been

among them of late years, instead of confining themselves to the simpler duties, have launched out into what is now called evangelical preaching, descanting on "the joys of the new Jerusalem, where there are no cane-holes to dig under a vertical sun, no cruel taskmasters to drive them to the fields, and where, when they arrive, they shall hang their harps upon the willows by the river Jordan, singing songs of praise to the Lamb!" This is literally part of a sermon preached in the island of Tortola, to a large congregation of slaves, in the year 1799, by one of two missionaries who had arrived there, and who had contrived, by subscriptions *among these slaves*, to build a house of meeting at an expence of 1500*l.* sterling! It may not be irrelevant here to mention an anecdote of these gentry, well authenticated and well known, and which, in illustrating the delusions held out to the ignorant negroes, will form a striking counterpart to the enthusiastic declamation, which produced such a clamour at home.

In 1799, the desertion of negroes from the island of Tortola, had become very great; and from one estate in particular, that of Mr. R—— at Windy-hill, amounted, in the short space of two months, to near sixty of different sexes and ages. The desertion from *this* estate was the more remarkable, as both the owner and his lady were beloved by their slaves from their particular kindness and humanity; and all the planters were active in their attempts to discover the cause. Their anxiety, however, was soon removed by the arrival of a small tender, belonging to one of the frigates on the station, with a large boat in tow, and between twenty and thirty male and female negroes. As they were taken at sea, in the act of desertion, and close in with Porto Rico, *two* of the ringleaders were tried and executed; and it appeared on the trial, that the tender having fallen in with them at dawn of day, hailed to know "where they were bound to,"

when the unfortunate wretches very coolly answered, "to the new Jerusalem!" Mr. Clarkson, however, speaks highly of the West Indian missionaries, and in page 228, roundly asserts, "with respect to the instruction of the slaves in the principles of religion, the happiest effects had resulted, *particularly in Antigua*, where, under the Moravians and the Methodists, they had so far profited, that the planters themselves confessed their value, as property had been raised one-third by their increased habits of regularity and industry." Yes, these effects were, doubtless, very happy, when in the years 1799 and 1800, the red flag of martial law was flying on the different forts at Antigua *for many months*, in consequence of the insubordination and expected revolt of the negroes! *This* requires no comment, we shall therefore return to Mr. Clarkson, who, in the year 1785, in consequence of writing an academic dissertation on slavery, became seized with a strong spirit of enthusiasm in favour of the negroes. By his own account, his indignation was raised by tales of cruelties practised, and which he had read in some of the old writers on the subject; he then sent out to collect accounts of the nature of the slave-trade at the different out-ports, and indeed it appears, that amongst the very lowest classes of seamen, he found no difficulty in collecting a sufficient number of wonderful stories; these he considers as completely confirmed by the corresponding testimony of one or two surgeons of Guinea ships, and he then endeavoured to increase his evidence by information from witnesses in a higher rank in life; but here it appears that he met with numberless disappointments, for many who had no objection to tell him long stories in the way of conversation, began to draw back a little, when they saw him take out his memorandum book and pencil, and when they understood that they might be called on to repeat those wonderful tales

to the privy council. A sufficient body of written evidence, however, was collected, to induce Mr. Wilberforce and some other members of parliament, at the request of the committee for abolition, to bring it before the house; several prosecutions also were commenced, but our readers must remember that these prosecutions were dismissed for want of evidence. Mr. Clarkson, however, endeavours to prove that this *want* of evidence was owing only to particularly unfortunate circumstances in bringing up the witnesses, and also that the deficiency of evidence against the trade in the examinations before the privy council, when compared with the evidence on the *opposite side*, was owing to unfair proceedings on the part of the West India interest.

Whatever merit Mr. Clarkson may have for his activity in this cause, we see little reason to compliment him on his *liberality*, in bringing forward the following broad assertion, without attempting to support it by the slightest proof: "At length the council began their examinations. Mr. Norris, Lieutenant Matthews of the navy, who had just left a slave employ in Africa, and Mr. James Penny, formerly a slave captain, and then interested as a merchant in the trade, took possession of the ground first. The evidence which they gave, *as previously concerted between themselves*, may be shortly represented thus." He then proceeds to say, that several of the council were *prejudiced* against him and his cause, and thus does he, by a broad assertion, attempt to destroy the effect of evidence which he could not invalidate. The business soon came before parliament, and we now have long details of the speeches of the members friendly to the cause, whilst those on the opposite side are given in a very summary way; among other attempts to influence the public mind, we are presented with the following ingenious piece of sophistry, said to be a speech of Mr. Beaufoy's:

"Though the witnesses are themselves interested in the trade, their confession is—that no less, on an average, than five in each hundred perish in the voyage—a voyage, it must be remembered, of less than six weeks. In a twelve-month, then, what must be the proportion of the dead? No less than forty-three in a hundred." Here the ingenious orator seems to have allowed his enthusiasm to overcome his arithmetic, in supposing the first hundred, who suffered a loss of five, to be exposed eight times in a year to the dangers of the middle passage, when in fact the average loss of forty-three could only be upon eight hundred, brought over in eight different voyages. But such was the rage for abolition, that even this speech was received with applause, and is here inserted as containing arguments against the slave trade.

Our limits will not permit us to follow Mr. Clarkson through his long historical detail, but as another specimen of his liberality to his antagonists, we shall subjoin the following extract from the concluding chapter: "Thus ended one of the most glorious contests, after a continuance for twenty years, of any ever carried on in any age or country; a contest not of brutal violence, but of reason; a contest between those who felt deeply for the happiness and the honour of their fellow creatures, *and those who, through vicious custom and the impulse of avarice*, had trampled under foot the sacred rights of their nature, and had even attempted to efface all title to the divine image of their minds." A conclusion *so mild and candid*, particularly from a *preacher of charity*, we were not prepared to expect; it is not irrelevant, however, in contradistinction to his, just to observe that the majority of the oppositionists to abolition, were men conversant with the West Indies and Africa, whilst Mr. Clarkson, and almost his whole horde of abolitionists, had no local knowledge whatever on the subject from their own obser-

vation, and had their minds warmed by tales of cruelty, some of which were collected from the very lowest seamen in the Guinea trade—tales which the narrators in many instances, even by Mr. Clarkson's own account, refused to substantiate, even though their evidence before the council would not have been upon oath.

This work is called a History of the Abolition: however great part of it is a history of Mr. Clarkson's own exertions in the cause, and his travels all over the kingdom hunting for evidence against the trade, though he does not appear to have thought it necessary to make any inquiries on the favourable side; to many this extreme minuteness may be amusing, yet there are some passages which may not, perhaps, be altogether so pleasing to some of his friends. In the first attempt to engage Mr. Wilberforce in the cause, (page 254) it appears, a very roundabout method was taken, not to ask for, but *to obtain*, his consent; and yet, though much praise is bestowed on Mr. W. for his great knowledge of the business, as well as his exertions in it, the following extract will shew that he is expected not to claim too much merit for his endeavours: page 272, "For what, for example, could I have done, if I had not derived so much assistance from the committee? What could Mr. Wilberforce have done in parliament, *if I*, on the other hand, had not collected that great body of evidence, to which there was such a constant appeal?" This hint, no doubt, will have its effects, in reminding Mr. W. of the old story of the organ-blower!

In the conclusion of the work, Mr. Clarkson glories in the abolition of the trade, and predicts the most beneficial consequences to Africa herself; these benefits, however, remain yet to be proved; and certainly the existence of the Sierra Leone settlement for so many years, without producing any good result whatever, is not a reason why we should place any confidence in these expectations.

He also foresees great improvements resulting from the African Institution; but if that society should have it in their power to do any thing upon the coast, we fear its first exertions would rather be to remedy the evils resulting from the abolition, than to advance the improvement or civilization of Africa.

As the advocates for abolition have now gained their point, they may, perhaps, have time to look at evils nearer home; it is, indeed, extraordinary that these apostles of humanity should never have turned their attention to a *slave-trade* which has been for many years carried on between Scotland, Ireland, and America, in which we know, from actual observation, that the unfortunate and misguided *redemptioners*, as they were called, were as much crowded, and as badly lodged, as the negroes on the middle passage; and on their arrival in that *land of liberty*, were *put up to sale* for the term of their indentures, like negroes in a slave market; whole families separated and sold into different states, and the whole business coolly conducted by advertisements of cargoes of healthy Scotch and Irish lads and lasses to be disposed of; and even in the advertisements for those who had left their masters' employ, the same kind of language was used as for a run-away negro. This system of slavery still exists, and we know is not confined to agricultural or domestic servitude, but, in many instances, the very stews have been supplied from the unsuspecting victims, who were separately sold, and torn from the watchful care of their deluded parents!

To conclude our observations on the work itself, we must give all due praise to Mr. Clarkson for the perspicuity of his style, for its neatness and simplicity, in many passages rising to elegance, and for the care and attention with which he has arranged his historical facts, and,

indeed, even to those who differ widely from Mr. C. in his inferences, this work will still be useful as a book of reference.

*** In our next we shall give a severe, but *careful* and *impartial*, review of Mr. Fox's History.

THEATRICALS.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

THE conductor of a daily newspaper has such multifarious and complicated duties to perform, that it is frequently out of his power to attend the theatres personally; he is therefore obliged to pin his faith upon the sleeve of some hireling critic, with whose partialities and prejudices he may be unacquainted, and may consequently become the innocent instrument of another's injustice: but when the editor of a weekly journal comes forward in all the pride of egotism, and with all the presumption of *self-conceit* boasts *himself* the arbiter of theatrical merit, he must be content to bear the undivided contempt and indignation which his illiberality or his ignorance excites. We will not apply the epithet *ignorant* in its most extended sense to the editor of the EXAMINER, because we understand that the young gentleman has read his Latin Grammar, and has even attempted to write poetry; but the application will be strictly correct if we confine it to his want of knowledge and taste in theatrical affairs. His remarks upon Mr. Braham's manner of singing are such as we should have expected from a pot-house *amateur*. On one occasion (in his critique upon the *Jew of Mogadore*) he accuses him of *flourishing* upon the word "*trumpet*," as if he had been repeating the word "*fluttering!!!*" and gravely tells him it shewed his want of taste. Now, perhaps, there is no word in the English language better adapted to what he is pleased to term "*a flourish*" than "*trumpet*," and none less so than "*fluttering*." Mr. Braham, however, cannot be angry with the young gentleman, for he must be aware that the musical excellence of a man's ears does not depend upon their *length*. We believe that all those who know what

is perfection in singing, are unanimous in allowing Mr. Braham's superior excellence; and when we hear an ignorant lad, whose ears could scarcely distinguish the note of an owl from an ousel's, arraigning his taste, we cannot restrain our indignation. Mr. H—t's criticisms on Madame Catalani are equally contemptible: on the 3d of July he poured forth a torrent of abuse against this excellent woman and unequalled songstress for exhibiting attitudes at her benefit, which he, with his *usual* felicity of simile, compared to a mock minuet; and not content with his clumsy attempts at ridicule, he concluded with maliciously asserting, that her attempts were received with loud marks of disapprobation. Now we happened to be present during the whole performance, and can conscientiously assert, that the only symptoms of dissatisfaction which were evinced on that occasion proceeded from about half a dozen individuals, who appeared to possess about as much liberality and taste as the editor of the EXAMINER, and that she was enthusiastically applauded, and very generally *encored*. Perhaps the simple young gentleman expected that Madame Catalani would have danced a *pas de deux* with Miss Gayton, and exhibited herself upon one leg with all the masculine strength and indelicacy of Presle; he certainly had no idea that she solely intended to display the human form in the most picturesque and graceful attitudes of painting and sculpture. We earnestly recommend him not to publish another line without having first submitted it to the revision of some judicious friend, or, at any rate, of some intelligent *old woman*, otherwise we venture to predict that very few will condescend to *examine* the pages of the EXAMINER.

OPERA HOUSE.

Since our last Signor Miarteni, the new *buffo*, has appeared at this theatre, but for what purpose we cannot imagine: as an actor he is very inferior to Morelli, and as a singer not superior to Righi; his voice is strong without being harmonious; and in point of science he appears to be very deficient. Madame D'Aunay also made *an attempt* upon these boards, but it would not do. *The Secret Marriage* is the most attractive *ballet* of the season, in which Des Hayes, Miss Gayton, and Presle, dance delightfully; but we cannot admire the *spread eagle* position in which the latter lady sits by the side of the young prince: it certainly is neither graceful nor delicate.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A Mr. Glover, from *Paternoster-row*, made his *debut* upon these boards as *Frederick*, in *the Wonder*. The character is one of those tame heroes who are technically denominated *walking gentlemen*; but Mr. Glover looked far more like a walking *ploughboy* in a gentleman's cast-off clothes, and we hope that he has *walked* off, never to return again. Another candidate for public favour has enacted the very opposite parts of *Rover*, in *Wild Oats*, and *Octavian*, in *the Mountaineers*. This gentleman's name is May, and we understand that he has been recently imported from *dear little Ireland*; indeed he made so many *blunders*, that it was impossible to mistake his origin. *Rover* is a wild, thoughtless, good-natured fellow, and requires few other qualifications in an actor than ease and impudence; now whatever may be Mr. May's claims to the latter, he certainly possesses very little of the former. He tossed his head about like an angry *bull*, and squared his elbows as if he had been a member of the Whip Club; but there was a stiffness in his body which resembled a dashing belle's environed by one of the *strait waistcoats* of Mrs. Baillie, or Miss Laura Pearce. He paid particular attention to Shakspeare's instructions about "suiting the *action* to the *word*," but unfortunately timed it so extremely ill, that his *action* sometimes preceded the *word*, and sometimes followed it at a respectful distance. Upon the whole, however, his *Rover* was very superior to his *Octavian*, in which he completely failed. His tenderness was that of a schoolboy, and his wildness that of a drunken Irishman. When he exclaimed,

"I grieve not!—for my *strings* are crack'd already,"

he very laughably lifted his hand to his *throat*, as if he had just escaped hanging by *cracking the halter*. Indeed this was the only amusing part of his performance. The chief annoyance of the evening, however, was the noisy egotism and stupid remarks of a young would-be author and dramatic critic, whose presumption we have chastised in a former number. This gentleman and his friends had taken possession of a stage-box, and he amused himself and the audience with a relation of his own proficiency in the art of dancing, comments on the character of Mr. Colman, strictures on the SATIRIST and its *abominable severity*, &c. &c. Every man has an undoubted right to entertain his

friends with as much nonsense as they are willing to hear; but he surely carries the joke a little too far, who ventures to disturb the gravity, and distract the attention, of the *audience* by his clamorous absurdities.

The only dramatic novelty that has yet been produced at this theatre is a farce, entitled *Plot and Counterplot, or the Portrait of Michael Cervantes*: it is translated from the French by Mr. Charles Kemble. The first act is extremely dull; we could not discover in it a single joke, either verbal or practical: in the second act there are much bustle, much humour, and much improbability. The author is indebted for its success not only to the acting, but to the *night-caps*, of Messrs. Fawcett and Liston, which rendered their comic *phizzes* quite irresistible. We have stated that this farce is from the pen of Mr. C. Kemble, which is sufficient to convince our readers that it contains nothing which in the smallest degree militates against the laws of decency and morality.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

We have this month to announce the accession of a fresh source of materials for our present department, by the appearance of the Annual Review; which, by its periodical influence on the *crop* of criticism, like another *harvest-moon*, lends a long and languid lustre to the average night that prevails during the rest of the year: but before we proceed to indulge our readers with any extracts from this publication, we must prepossess them in its favour, by exhibiting a very few illustrations of the *extraordinary* degree of *political sagacity, conscious superiority*, and *sound moral discernment*, which it displays. We are told in one passage (p. 318), with much kindness and commiseration, that "the ex-

ternal politics of Great Britain have, for the last *quarter of a century*, been *so glaringly absurd*, that one *can hardly pity* the uniform disappointment of our *successive ministries*." Thus whole ranks of statesmen, arrayed in distinct and even *opposite* parties, fall at once before the powers of this exalted genius. In another place (p. 323), commenting on a recently proposed measure of domestic policy, and examining a pamphlet on that subject, it adds: "A copy of the bill, commonly called the catholic bill, is appended. The *utter silliness* of objecting to *any part of it* as dangerous to the protestant religion, *must be* apparent to the *meanest capacity*." We presume however, that to *some capacities*, not exactly among *the meanest*, it may be excusable that this "utter silliness" *did not* appear. A very pretty and concise method of argument occurs repeatedly, combining with the force of an unanswered and unanswerable interrogative, the merit of a splendid and *easily practicable* suggestion: thus at page 301 we have a whole cluster of instances; "*Why not* repeal the act of uniformity? *Why not* leave the clergy of the diocese to elect their own bishops? *Why not* make over to the magistrates at the quarter-sessions, and to the borough-corporations, the right of presentation to all crown-livings? *Why not* convert the prebendal stalls into lay preferments, into pensions for the accommodation of decayed artists and authors?"—and at page 316, "*Why not* commute the internal duty on sugar for an additional window-tax; and throw open wholly, in all circumstances, the British market to the importation and exportation of sugar in all stages of its manufacture?" This reminds us of an article in the Critical Review, three or four years ago, on a publication concerning the *meteoric stones* (as they were called) which were the fashionable topic of scientific discussion at that time; the critique had the following *silencing*, if not quite convincing, conclusion: "Perhaps these stones come from the moon. *Why not?*" The form of argument seems to have been not unknown in the time of Butler; as Ralpho, enumerating the triumphs of his own sect over that of his master, boasts of its having

> Capoch'd their rabbins of the synod,
> And snapp'd their canons with *a why not*.

We profess ourselves great admirers of this particular species of argument, and would not have it lost to logicians; but beg to class it henceforth with Tristram Shandy's *argumentum tripodium* and *argumentum fistulatorium*, by the appellation of *argumentum quidnì-anum*: this however by the bye.

Something of the same pithy and decisive nature, and manifesting the same extended views, is found at page 340. "*Why* is the prerogative of dissolving parliament given to the crown? It would be *far better* if one third of the house of commons were to rote out every two years.—*Let us get this altered.*"

But our choicest specimen, under the head of *sound moral discernment*, we take from page 318. "When he (Buonaparte) is called the destroyer of religion, we are utterly astonished. *Of religion* he is notoriously the restorer and the *patron*. His *comprehensive* PIETY protects and endows every form of worship, and selects for promotion and advancement the *wisest* and *most patriotic* instructors of every sect and every creed. Other sovereigns have belonged to some fragment of their nation, and have pursued the renown of zeal by the gratification of malevolence; by abridging the liberties, or intercepting the comforts, of unestablished worshipers. He is a common father of his people." Now, dismissing the rest of this very characteristic passage, we shall confine our remarks to its concluding line: and observe in the first place, that Buonaparte is *not* the *father* of *any body*; and if the Parisians, who *know him well*, may be believed, *was never likely* to be:—but "A COMMON FATHER OF *his* PEOPLE!!" "*His* people" too! Mercy on us!

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1. Observations upon the Windward Coast of Africa, &c. with an Appendix, containing a Letter to Lord Howick; by J. Corry.

"Mr. Corry's Observations may be read with *pleasure*, as an *amusing* book of travels; and as far as they go, are *not destitute of instruction.*"—Critical Review (Appendix).

"Mr. Corry has been an *attentive observer*; and has given us *as much information* as could reasonably be expected from the short time he remained on the coast, and his limited sphere of ac-

tion. He looks with the eye of a *politician* and a *patriot*, and his remarks *deserve the attention of our rulers* in more happy and tranquil times. We think there is *much good sense* and *sound argument* in his letter to lord Howick."—Oxford Review.

"Mr. Corry has added his remarks, which are indeed *in a great degree* NOVEL, to those that have preceded; and produced a volume which is not only *valuable* for the *information* it contains, but *admirable* for the *elegance* of its *elucidations*. He *well describes* the countries which he inspected.—These articles, as well as the whole work, are the emanations of an *intelligent* and *energetic mind*."—European Magazine.

"One of the *most worthless* books that we have seen: OLD MATTER *hashed up again*, and only rendered new by the *blunders* of the compiler."—Annual Review.

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2. The Policy of the Blockading System refuted.

"The views of this writer are so *just* and *liberal*, that we regret his not having taken the requisite pains to render his composition an advantageous and attractive vehicle for them. These lucubrations contain *many* hints and observations which *well deserve attention*."—Monthly Review.

"We have perused this *excellent* pamphlet with *considerable satisfaction*. The *political opinions* which it contains are *wise*, and the *morality* which it breathes is *transcendantly good*."—Critical Review.

"There is a prejudice in many British breasts (as we hope) of an inveterate kind, which *must be eradicated* before we can listen with patience to some of the doctrines and assertions of this author; namely, the *love of our country*. His attempts at *reasoning* on the orders in council (the professed object of the work) are so *weak* that they *deserve little notice*."—British Critic.

"*Vulgar, driftless*, allegorical *gossip*, about the blockade of French ports!"—Annual Review.

"This is the *wretched effusion* of some *whining Yankee*, written in a kind of *mongrel English*. It is equally *destitute of argument* and *of sense*, and is one of the *most contemptible productions* that

we have had the mortification to read for some time."—Antijacobin Review.

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3. A Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, by Thomas Twining.

"We think that Mr. Twining, by endeavouring to expose the danger and the folly of attempting to disseminate this *spurious and vitiated christianity* among the Mahomedan and Hindoo subjects of the British empire in India, has rendered a *most acceptable service* to HIS COUNTRY, and has acted as *a true friend* to the peaceful natives of Hindostan."—Critical Review.

"This writer has not talents to render *scepticism* either attractive or formidable.—In such open terms does he avow his opposition to the universal dissemination of *the christian faith;* and with an ostrich-like stupidity, seek to cover his *guilt* with a few grains of PATRIOTISM. The application of Mr. Twining's cold-blooded philosophy to the circumstances of India is equally *visionary* and *ridiculous.* His Letter is a mere bundle of straw, without connection or strength: a few paltry assertions and miserable exaggerations are huddled together, and substituted for arguments."—Eclectic Review.

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4. The Fathers of the English Church, No. I.

"We *highly approve* of the plan of this work, which must be attended with the *happiest consequences.*"—Oxford Review.

"The practical nature of these writings will make them *generally useful;* as they not only *accurately describe* that GENUINE CHRISTIAN FAITH," &c.—Eclectic Review.

"We *do not know what good,* beyond that of *gratifying curiosity,* is to be obtained by the present publication. We find the writers expatiating largely on various tenets of MODERN METHODISM which tend to *exterminate* the *true principle of holiness* from the soul of man."—Critical Review.

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5. The Edinburgh Medical and Physical Dictionary: by Robert Morris, M. D.; James Kendrick, Surgeon; and Others.

"The relative qualifications and tastes of the authors seem to

have been *very happily applied* in the formation of two copious and *interesting volumes* of medicinal science.—With this necessary addition, we would recommend these volumes as not only a *useful* but a *necessary appendage* to the desk of every vender of drugs throughout the United Kingdom. They exhibit *many excellent specimens* of analytical illustrations; they preserve a *proper medium* between mere nomenclature explanations, and tedious histories of the different subjects; they are *perspicuous, concise, satisfactory,* and sufficiently copious, although copiousness of terms is one of the most rare qualifications of most modern dictionaries of science. *Every article,* besides its derivative signification, is *neatly and accurately drawn up;* and several of the PHARMACEUTICAL subjects are treated in a manner which proves the authors to be *very well acquainted* with some of the more abstruse CHEMICAL phenomena. The work is WHOLLY MODERN, and embraces *all the late discoveries* and *most approved practice* of the *ablest physicians* of the last thirty or forty years. In a word, this Dictionary, illustrated by numerous well executed plates, must tend to diminish the temerity of the presumptuous empiric, by presenting him with a general and *luminous view* of that multifarious science which he ignorantly dares to profess; while it will serve as a faithful tablet of memory to every regular practitioner whose greatest pleasure consists in the speedy recovery or alleviation of his patients."—Antijacobin Review.

"We *cannot speak* in terms of *commendation* of this publication. We do not expect from the makers of dictionaries any great depth of erudition, the decision of subtle questions, or specimens of original research; but we may be allowed to expect, that at this time a-day, * the columns of a dictionary should not be *stuffed with the rubbish* of Quincy and his immediate successors. —These *little book-making artifices, paltry* as they are, might however be overlooked as one of the regular tricks of the trade, if they were counterbalanced by the value of the more important

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* We confess that this elegant phrase ("this time *a-day*") is new to us, and we presume that the language is indebted for it exclusively to the Critical Review.—SATIRIST.

and essential materials. *Many* of the *most important articles* are made of materials *nearly* OBSOLETE; the *best authorities* are *often entirely overlooked;* and those who wish to be instructed in the *modes of treatment most approved in modern practice,* will be *completely disappointed.*—In the CHEMICAL department we meet with the same marks of *ignorance.* The PHARMACEUTICAL part is such as can be obtained from any Dispensatory.——The authors must be denominated a set of *book-makers* who have produced a ponderous compilation where the dross predominates in *a great degree* over the sterling ore; and where, of the LITTLE *that is valuable,* not a single line has been contributed by them."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

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6. The State of Britain, abroad and at home, in the eventful Year 1808; by an Englishman of no Party.

"The author of this anonymous tract appears to possess the principal qualifications of a good writer; a *well-stored* and *well-informed mind,* good principles, and an *eloquent style.* Having taken a *masterly view* of the situation of Great Britain in respect of her ability to resist all foreign attacks," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

"The close of this *pithy* and *elegant work* perfectly coincides with our own opinion. A talent of *chastened declamation* is here and there indulged. We cannot divine the writer's motives for keeping his name concealed: certainly many publications of thrice its bulk and price do not contain more *sensible and enlightened remarks.* He cannot remain concealed: his own *merit* must blazon him to the world."—European Magazine.

"Nothing is more easily penned than *loose general declamation,* but nothing is more *vapid* and *unprofitable.* Within the limits of a few pages, the present author glances at a variety of interesting subjects, *without satisfactorily discussing any.*"—Monthly Review.

"Nothing but a respect for truth, however trite, could have induced us to read through the production of this 'Englishman;' who could certainly take no surer method of *degrading* any plan or opinion, than by undertaking the functions of its advocate.—Let not these subjects of vital importance be inculcated in a pam-

phlet, only suited to excite astonishment that a person who has read books and can quote Latin, should be able to write with an appearance of *incapacity* so *perfectly infantile*."—Eclectic Review.

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*Comparative Criticism Extraordinary!**

Sibi constet!—HORACE.

That *each from other differs*, first confess:
Next, that he *varies from himself* no less.—POPE.†

An Evening Walk in the Forest, a Poem.

"This Evening Walk is well imagined, and often VERY POETICALLY expressed. It opens with *much spirit*. The different trees of the forest are then described, in verse which proves an *elegant* and *well improved mind*. The whole is in the same *pleasing style*, and may be read with *much satisfaction* by all lovers of nature and retirement."—British Critic, for March 1807.

"If these verses are considered *merely as technical lines*, to assist the memory in retaining the names and distinguishing the properties of the principal forest-trees, they may have their use; nor does the author, from her prefixed advertisement, appear to have any higher ambition. This being the case, it would be invidious to shew that her lines are PROSAIC; and that though they may afford instruction, they *cannot* convey *much delight*."—British Critic again, for May 1808.

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* This division of our Comparative department, according to our promise, we present as a *peculiarly rich treat* to the votaries of critical infallibility. See the note in page 444 of our second volume. There too the *British Critic* was the oracle.

† Moral Essays: Epistle 1.

ERRATA IN No. X.

Page 525, for "*Venusin, Section*," read "*Venusin Lection.*"
Page 525, for "*Palæmon*," &c. read "*Palæmon.*"
Page 542, line 11, for "*be*," read "*the*;" and for "*pice*," read "*piece.*"

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court.

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